BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

Vol. VI. No. 143 SATURDAY FEBRUARY 27 1909. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

For meaning of this number see page iii. of Cover.

No. 283060

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Contents

The World, The Flesh, and the Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

Rev. F. C. Spurr and his "Call."

Reminiscences of Stirnot Homes.—I.

Our Admirals.—III. Sir W. H. May.

"A Nation on the Knee."

Territorials. By Jim Crow.

John Bull's Post-cards, Letters and Telegrams.

The Cartoon.

John Bull in the City.

Among the Books.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Bull's Eyes.

John Bull's Letter Bag.

Racing Notes, etc.

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY

for Readers of "JOHN BULL" to test

TWO FAMOUS WHISKIES

WHICH HAVE THE

DATE OF DISTILLATION DEFINITELY DECLARED.

The only guarantee which is absolutely reliable.

FINEST

Irish Whisky

W. JAMESON & Co.'s

12 YEARS OLD.

Guaranteed to be finest POT STILL, distilled in DUBLIN by Messrs. W. JAMESON & CO. in 1896.

BOTTLED BY—
KINGSTON BROS., 24, Tooley Street,
London Bridge, S.E.

FAC-SIMILE OF LABELS.

FINEST

SCOTCH WHISKY

"DEW OFF BEN NEVIS,"

10 YEARS OLD.

This fine spirit distilled at Ben Nevis in 1898, has matured at the Distillery for over 10 years, and is guaranteed to be Pure Malt of the finest quality.

BOTTLED BY—
KINGSTON BROS., 24, Tooley Street,
London Bridge, S.E.

3 Bot. 10/6; 6 Bot. 20/6; 12 Bot. 40/-.

Carriage paid in Great Britain. Money willingly refunded if unsatisfactory after trial upon return of goods. We will send a free sample the size of illustration of either of the above famous whiskies to any address in Great Britain on receipt of 3 penny stamps to cover postage. Cut out the coupon below and post to Kingston Bros., Whisky Dealers, 24, Tooley Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Please send me a sample of ..... . for which I enclose 3d. stamps.

Enclosed please find remittance value ..... for ..... bottle of { Ben Nevis '98. / Jameson '96.

Name ..... Address .....

.....

Or a sample half-bottle will be sent on receipt of 2/- J. B.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. VI. No. 143. Saturday, February 27th, 1909. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All applications for advertising spaces to be made to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., Advertising Dept., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

PER ANNUM. POST FREE.

UNITED KINGDOM .. ..6s. 6d.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION .. ..8s. 8d.
SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. George Edwardes, EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play, with music, entitled
THE MERRY WIDOW ("Die Lustige Witwe").

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager Mr. George Edwardes. EVERY EVENING, at 8, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2, a new musical play, OUR MISS GIBBS. Box Office open daily, 10 till 10.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

On the whole, we think the Government are to be congratulated on their programme. Evidently profiting by the lessons of the past three sessions, they intend to give legislative heroics a rest, and to settle down to business. It's our money they want, this time.

Thank goodness there is to be no more "Education" and "Temperance" nonsense. The souls of the children and the stomachs of the grown-up are to have a rest.

And there is to be no direct challenge to the Lords. But an effort will be made to draw them out by means of the Finance Bill. If, however, Mr. Balfour be a wily general, he will tell them to pass all the taxes which Mr. Lloyd George proposes. They will come in handy for election purposes, and remission can be promised in the first Balfourian budget.

Meanwhile, there are those bye-elections. Sugar tax tactics saved Dundee, but what can Mr. Asquith offer Glasgow? An increase in the whisky duty! Puir Glasgae!

It was a fair hit on the raw when Lord Lansdowne, who has the House of Lords in his pocket, congratulated the Secretary for Scotland on his "elevation." "We have the Scottish Secretary," he added, "why not the Irish Secretary?" Quite so. And why not all the rest of the Cabinet? Frankly, we do not know. The excuse made for sending Mr. Sinclair to the House of Lords, that his presence is needed there, would apply equally well to Mr. Haldane or Mr. Gladstone. But the latter gentleman, to his credit, steadfastly refuses to go "up."

Mr. Gibson Bowles says that in the Liberal Party a man need not be a voting hack, but is allowed perfect freedom and independence. We had noticed that ourselves.

Mr. Asquith thinks that the export of British capital is a good thing, and says, "Long may it continue." Will he answer this simple question? A man proposes to build a house and settle down into private life. Is it just as good for British trade that he should build it in, say, the South of France as if he built it in England?

What is coming over our dear, good contemporary, the *Daily News?* We thought there was to be no gambling news and no advertisements of alcoholic liquors. Yet here we have a flaring double column of an outside broker, and a displayed advertisement of somebody's Scotch whiskies! It only now requires the latest betting, and then the *D. N.* may begin to pass for a newspaper.

Isn't it about time we had a Franco-Belgian *entente?* Travelling the other night from Calais to Brussels we were informed that we could not be allowed to hire a pillow because the Belgian authorities would not pass it over the frontier!

But we were repaid for the disappointment by a practical lesson in the blessings of Protection. Being unable, for want of that pillow, to sleep, we passed the time in conversation with a fellow passenger. Of course politics soon cropped up, and we found him a strong Tariff Reformer. Nothing kills time like fiscal foodle, and we were soon at the frontier. It was bitterly cold, and the time was 3 a.m., but we had well heated our compartment with the hot air apparatus. "All get out for baggage examination," said the official, and out we got. As luck would have it, our friend's luggage was selected for detailed examination, and as he stood shivering in the morning air, we saw his Tariff enthusiasm visibly evaporating. And then, as with a sneeze he got back into the carriage, he confessed that after all it was "rot that a respectable man should not be allowed to travel without being subjected to all this inquisitorial annoyance"—with the risk of double pneumonia thrown in. Whatever the *Express* may say, Tariff Reform that night meant bad language.

A reference at one of the bank meetings to Sunday labour, and a resolution to leave the matter in the hands of the directors, led to a protest by a shareholder that he was not content to leave his conscience in the control of any board. No doubt the board winked the other eye, for at quarter time it is the custom to put in a Sunday to balance the books, and as a matter of fact, several banks have a clerk in attendance on Sundays to relieve the caretaker. For this the clerk receives extra pay, for which the shareholder with the "conscience" may be surprised to hear he is truly thankful. And, by the way, does this shareholder ever read a newspaper on *Monday* morning?

There will be no Autumn Session this year. If Ministers can by hook or crook hold on till August, they mean to get away and qualify for their pensions. But there is much virtue in that "If."

We have no desire to play into the hands of those jingo pessimists who are eternally proclaiming that unless England adopts a system of compulsory military service, and turns every citizen into a soldier trained to arms, the day will come when the homes of Englishmen will be practically defenceless against invaders. But it has to be pointed out that the Territorial Army is perilously near failure, despite Mr. Haldane's desperate efforts to make it popular. The country cannot have things both ways. It is now almost at the parting of the ways; here patriotic volunteering, there compulsory military service. If because the manhood of the country will not rally to the flag of the volunteer army, that army becomes a proved failure, then either every capable citizen must in the end be pressed into military service, or say good-bye to any effective system of home defence.

It may be said that the fact of the Englishman refusing to volunteer is in itself proof that he will never consent to be pressed—that no British War Minister in our day will dare to get up in Parliament and father a national scheme of conscription. This is by no means a certainty. It is easily conceivable that a party strongly entrenched in office might make the venture, and through the House of Lords succeed in it without any special appeal to the country on the matter. The thing once done, there would be no going back. The British Army has been in the melting pot so often that it may be questioned whether a War Minister of the future will not require greater courage to tinker further with the volunteer system than to fashion a compulsory one. We hope the day of conscription will never dawn for England. On the other hand, if the nation does not volunteer, it will be pressed and, willy nilly, will have to adapt itself to all the changed conditions of industrial life which conscription will involve. And, of course, when the proposal does come, we shall hear the argument that the existence of a large standing army is one of the remedies for unemployment. It is a big question.

Apropos the Army, a correspondent, who "took the shilling" in 1876, is surprised about the difficulty in obtaining recruits. He affords us an interesting comparison between the treatment of soldiers then and now:—

> The food is everything to be wished for now. When I was soldiering, our rations consisted of 1 lb. of bread and a pint of tea or coffee for breakfast. No butter unless you went to the canteen and bought it. We had meat every day for dinner, but the ½lb. of bread which we received for tea was charged for in our monthly account.

He goes on to point out that, in spite of hardships, there were always plenty of recruits to be had in those days, though there were then no halfpenny papers to preach patriotism and promote patriotic plays.

> I think the secret is—and I know hundreds of others are of the same opinion—not the way the soldier is catered for, but the disgraceful uniform they dress the present-day soldier in. I don't wonder Mr. Haldane cannot get young fellows to join, for the best part of our Army, when walking out, look more like convicts than soldiers. There is nothing in their dress to make them look smart and enticing to other young men, as soldiers should do. They may be very smart fellows, but when they put on that horrible khaki uniform and still worse head-gear—well, I would not be seen in it myself if I could help it. There was nothing to beat the little pill-box hat. All the cavalry regiments and the guards regiments wore them. When a soldier went home on furlough, perhaps in the country village, he was made a big fuss of, because he looked very smart in his clothes compared to what he did when he left the village, and ten to one he was the cause of half-a-dozen or more joining the Army, for they had taken a fancy to the dress. I am sure they would not do so now. I often hear the remark passed by young men, "What! Join the Army and wear that rig-out? Not me." I know soldiers coming home on furlough. The first thing they do is to buy a cheap civilian's suit of clothes sooner than wear their regimentals. I think that is a disgrace to the Army Council. How can they expect to keep the Army standard up if soldiers are ashamed to wear the clothes served out to them? Considering the thousands of young men out of work, there ought to be no trouble in getting regiments up to full strength.

Perhaps this letter may induce some other ex-soldiers to give us their views.

And now the Navy. We are informed that the following notice recently appeared upon the notice board of H.M.S. *Good Hope*:—

> Gunnery is of more importance than Paintwork.
>
> Notice.
>
> The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty inform me that they have had before them the particulars of the Annual Test of Gunlayers with Heavy and Light Guns for the year 1908, and that they are very pleased to note the very good results obtained with *Heavy and 3 Pr. Guns by H.M.S. "Good Hope,"* and they desire that an expression of their appreciation may be conveyed *to the Commanding Officer*.
>
> It gives me great pleasure to do this, and to congratulate the Captain, Officers, and men on the *Good Hope* being top ship of the British Navy, an achievement that they should all be proud of.
>
> I sincerely hope that in the Battle Practice which takes place to-morrow, the Officers and men of the *Good Hope* will prove that they are as good in Long Range Firing as they are at a short range.
>
> (Signed) Percy Scott,
>
> 11th February, 1909. *Vice-Admiral.*

Evidently Sir Percy Scott means to have a final dig at Lord Charlie before hauling down his flag.

We recently had something to say of the Rev. J. G. Bird, rector of Weston-in-Gordano, and his wife, who were fined for cruelly ill-treating a boy in their service. At the time of writing we have not heard what the Bishop thinks, but we know what the congregation say; and when the Sunday after the case the rev. gentleman appeared in church there were not more than fifteen people present, including his three daughters, himself, the organist and the choir. His holiness preached from the text, "Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith?" As he wants to know, we will tell him. We are fearful, and the parish is fearful, and the congregation is fearful, because he has been convicted of cruelty to a defenceless lad, to whom he and his wife stood in the relation of protectors; also because, though he is a Bird, he doth not flee away.

Probably as long as some people are rich and many people are poor there will always exist the sort of petty crime with which the magistrates in colliery districts have to deal from time to time. A few days ago a Skewen woman was fined five shillings for stealing 24 lbs. of coal from a colliery tip, pleading that "she was driven to it because she had an invalid boy and no fire in the house." In another case, two boys were charged with stealing coal, and the mother with conducing to the offence. The lads took the coal home, and there is no doubt that the mother well knew how they had obtained it. Her plea was that she was "a widow and had to keep eight children on 12s. a week from the parish." In so far as these pleas of poverty are tales of truth, they palliate, if they do not excuse, the offences. They raise in an acute form the problem of right and wrong, and the magistrates must often be at their wits' end in dealing with such cases, for their only choice seems to be between brutality and anarchy.

The eccentricities of juries are as interesting, though not perhaps as common, as the eccentricities of magistrates. Take a case just heard by Mr. Justice Grantham at the Monmouth Assizes. A man was charged with

murdering his brother with a knife during the course of a quarrel in which the deceased was the aggressor. There was evidence that before the brother was stabbed the prisoner had taken up the knife, and that his wife and another man had vainly tried to get it from him. "When they came to the question of accident," said his lordship to the jury, "he did not think they could come to the conclusion that death was absolutely accidental. The jury were not justified on the evidence in finding the prisoner guilty of murder, but of manslaughter." There is no fault at all to be found with that summing-up; but as a result of it the jury promptly found the prisoner not guilty of any offence at all, and he was discharged. Perhaps they would now like to organise a subscription list for the purpose of presenting him with a testimonial in chased silver, with an illuminated address.

Apparently not merely the base Saxon, but equally his base language, is out of popular favour in some parts of Erin's green and fretful isle. The directors of the Wicklow Steam Tramway Company have, at a meeting of shareholders, denounced the English language, and have given their employees notice if within a period of ten years they do not learn to speak and write the rich and beautiful Gaelic of their ancesthors there will be throuble. Ten years seems to be a fairly reasonable notice. "After ten years," announces the chairman of the line, "all printing and official transactions will be conducted in Irish, to the entire exclusion of the barbarous language of the Saxon." After ten years we can see the base Saxon who happens to be in Wicklow taking the bus.

Apart from the general question as to whether any useful purpose is served by the practice of viewing bodies at inquests, Manchester jurors seem to have a special grievance. There is no central mortuary in the city, and jurors are compelled to waste much time in making a wide tour of various districts to view bodies which are the subject of inquests. Surely the Manchester City Council should alter this condition of things. The coroner says that in view of a possible alteration in the law relieving juries altogether of the unpleasant duty, he has not taken such energetic steps to pursue the subject of local accommodation as he otherwise would have done. But if his jurors are to be put to this great inconvenience and annoyance until the law is altered, we are very much afraid they will not rid themselves of their grievance for a long time to come. The coroner had better pursue the subject, and Manchester men had better help him. The mills of Parliament for the next few years will have a vast deal more corn on hand than they can readily grind.

Our attention has been directed to what seems to be a grievance on the part of men acting as brigade firemen in private institutions. They complain that they find it increasingly difficult to get appointments owing to the competition of pensioners who have left the London County Council Fire Brigade. The pensions paid to these ex-firemen range from £2 4s. 8d. given to a station officer, with five years' service as such, to a trifle under £4 a week to superintendents. It seems to us eminently unfair that the outside men should be subjected to this competition. Either the fireman when he is pensioned off is fit for the work he has been doing, or he is not. If he is fit, he should be retained; if he is not, it should be made a condition of the pension, as it is in other services, that if he gets work, the pension should be reduced in proportion. We commend this matter to the Fire Brigade Committee of the Council.

The taxi-cab drivers have no reason to congratulate themselves upon the result of their deputation to Mr. Gladstone. He seems to acquiesce in their being regarded as pariahs and incessantly harassed by the po'ice. As taxi-cabs have come to stay, and must presently oust the few remaining hansoms and growlers from the streets, it is ridiculous to regard them as interlopers, only to be tolerated on sufferance. The only result of persecution will be that drivers will disregard the wishes of their fares and travel far below the speed limit, so as to avoid all risks. The idea that they constitute a danger to pedestrians is quite unwarranted, now that everyone has grown accustomed to them. Streets are meant for busy people, not for absent-minded loafers. The enemies of motor-cars ought to go away and live in the country, wrapped up in cotton-wool.

In view of the arrogance of many of our mummers and their intolerance of anything but the most fulsome praise, it is refreshing to read an account of the methods of criticism in a New York Bowery theatre. The object of the management there is not to humour the susceptibilities of so-called "artists," but to please the people who pay to come in. Perhaps the methods in vogue are a bit brutal, but that is a fault in the right direction. A dancer was received with instant cries of "Rotten," "Beat it," "Chase yourself," and continuous hoots, the limelight man backing up the demonstration by wild zig-zags of light. Then a curly-headed youth, named Harry, was greeted with "Get the hook."

> Harry continued singing though nobody heard his words, when the leader of the orchestra handed up a bouquet with a hose attachment, through which he sent a stream of water straight into Harry's face.

At last "from behind the scenes there was projected a huge hook attached to a long pole, and Harry was yanked from the sight of the wrathful crowd." A negro dancer was told to "hide in the tall grass," and, as he persisted in dancing, the stage manager dropped a bag of sand on his head. "The negro moved out of the way, only to receive a heavy discharge of water from the leader of the orchestra."

> Nat kept on dancing, his eyes shooting out fire. From behind the scenes they sent a bag of tin cans rolling across the stage with a tremendous clatter, and they tried to catch Nat with the hook, but he evaded everything and went on with his buck dance. Finally three stage hands rushed at him, gathered him up, and, fighting and struggling like a maniac, Nat was carried off, his feet still dancing, and the audience howling with glee.

We believe this kind of sport would take very well over here.

Apropos our reference to the enormous revenue which could be derived from the sale of the sites of unnecessary City churches and the abolition of ecclesiastical sinecures, comes a whine from Fulham. The Bishop of London, in the course of a sermon in a new church, said his eyes filled with tears when he heard of many touching incidents associated with the building. One poor person "had given £50 out of a life's savings," and "when mistresses sent £5, servants sent 5s." Surely crocodile tears? A dozen new churches could be provided out of the sale of a few City sites!

When a terrible accident happens on one of the London underground railways, with an appalling loss of life, we shall realise that for some months there has been disgraceful overcrowding. The poor wretch who has the misfortune to be condemned to one of these lines may be forgiven if he speedily loses sight of the fact that he is a human being. He pays his fare entitling him to a seat and rational treatment, but consents meekly to be bundled into a carriage content if there is only a vacant strap for him to hang on to. In the open air, where a calamity would not be so grievous, a tram must not carry one extra passenger, whilst down in the depths you may cram every inch of space with living souls. Is it another case of "What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve after"?

Apropos our reference last week to Mr. Justice Maule's sentence upon the bigamous hawker, and which was given in brief, the following is, we believe, the full version of his lordship's observations :—

> Prisoner at the Bar, you stand convicted of the atrocious crime of bigamy. For that offence you are liable to be transported beyond the sea for the term of your natural life. You say that your first wife treated you badly, and I believe she did, but you had no right to take the law in your own hands. You had the noble profession of the law, which I represent, to appeal to. You should have consulted one of those bald-headed gentlemen sitting down there [pointing to the solicitor's table], who would have given you very little satisfactory advice, but would have referred you to some of the gentlemen in the long robes and wigs, who, I have no doubt, would have run you up a pretty heavy bill, and your case would have come into court, and, I am bound to say, it would have been decided against you. By this time your expenses would have run up to a few hundred pounds. But you would then have been advised by one of those gentlemen to carry your case to the Court of Appeal, and I don't think even there you would have fared any better, except that the bill of costs would have been almost trebled. I think the Court of Appeal would have been against you. You would have had the noble House of Lords as a final resort. Prisoner, you have not chosen to take the advantages which the law has placed within your reach. You are liable to be transported for life. I order you to be imprisoned for one day, which means your immediate release, and I congratulate you on the line of conduct you have taken.

Mr. John Burns has long been among the epigrammatists and aphorism manufacturers. It is therefore not at all surprising to find him telling a more or less juvenile audience the other day that it is better to cook a potato well than to play the piano badly. It should also be more widely known that it is more blessed to have a heart that is tender than to eat a steak that is tough; likewise that it is nobler to deny yourself the pleasure than to sing to others when you have no voice. All these are useful hints for the happy conduct of the earthly life; to which we will add that it is more joyful for a wife to refrain from cooking than to give her husband indigestion.

Audiences and suitors in the court of His Honour Judge Willis hear so much and so often of what he does not like and does not know that it must have been a pleasure for them to learn the other day what he does like and does know. "Stewed eels are very nice and tasty," he told them the other day, "and if they are tender and nice they are very delicious; I like them." He need not, however, have wasted so many words in saying the same thing in so many ways. Perhaps at his next sitting he will be good enough to state whether he is fond of boiled whelks, raw periwinkles, stewed mussels, fried fish, and roast murphies, and if so, why; and if not, why not?

Happily for Miss Illington, the wife of Mr. Daniel Frohman, brother of that Charles who "presents" plays and actors to London audiences, there is enough divorce law of different sorts in America to satisfy everybody. The trouble between the lady and her husband is this and this only: he wishes her to continue her life on the stage while she wishes to continue her life off it. "I want a home, a normal life, babies, and stockings to darn," she says, "and not to appear before the footlights every night." Regarded as a specific requirement of one party to matrimony, it may be doubted whether babies come within the meaning of any Act in any American State. Even on the other points New York cannot accommodate her with a divorce; but as North Dakota or South Dakota will be quite willing to oblige, this need not distress her. There is no possible grievance in the United State of which they are not willing to take earnest cognizance.

Despite indignant protest and denial we still hear *ad nauseam* that barmaids are immoral. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, going a step further, has flung a similar charge against shopgirls—that in fact they *have* to be immoral. It is an infamous accusation. Face to face with Mr. Campbell, there are hundreds and thousands of shopgirls of spirit who would lose no time in telling him that it is a lie. Their wages in many cases are small, it is true, but they are not small enough to drive any girl of good character to sell herself in the market of vice. Naturally the Drapers' Chamber of Trade resent the rev. gentleman's reckless generalisation. That some girls in shops go wrong is undeniable, but it is also undeniable that some girls in every station of life go wrong also, and we have even heard it of parsons.

One of the silliest of the prosecutions of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is that of a man who gave his dog spirits and liqueurs. As dogs readily acquire a taste for intoxicants and learn to enjoy them, there is no more cruelty about this case than there would be in giving a man a whisky-and-soda—probably less. We remember a dog on the Somali Coast who was a confirmed toper. A gentleman called on the owner one evening and was given a drink, which he placed on the floor beside his arm-chair. After some minutes' conversation, he put out his hand, picked up his glass and found it empty. He was positive it had been full a few minutes before. Was this one of the early symptoms of delirium tremens? The explanation was soon afforded by the dog, who came up wagging his tail and reeking indecently of whisky.

The war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* ha visited the Servian arsenal at Kragujevats, and reports that special attention is being devoted to the manufacture of bombs. These will strike many of us as somewhat barbarous implements of warfare, even though they are disguised under the name of grenades, as though they resembled the weapons once used by grenadiers. It seems idle to prohibit explosive bullets if infernal machines are to be tolerated. It will not be forgotten that bombs were manufactured in this arsenal for the destruction of the Montenegrin royal family, and that the Slovanski Jug revolutionary society also draws its munitions from Kragujevats. Meanwhile we are content to note that anarchists may henceforth be known as grenadiers!

Licensing Justices sometimes have a queer notion of their duties. At Kensington the police opposed a renewal on the ground that a young woman, who danced in a lion's den, appeared behind the bar, the object apparently being to enable a showman to represent her as a barmaid. No reason was given for objecting to the services of this damsel, but the police inspector said, "The conduct of the licensee was considered to be very improper." It would be interesting to know what vestige of impropriety even the most sagacious mind can discover in combining the parts of Daniel and Hebe. The licensee, however, felt constrained to eat the humblest of pies. He "was led into this unfortunate mistake"; he was "very sorry"; he "desired to apologise." The chairman was melted by this abject appeal and granted the licence, but solemnly warned the applicant to be more careful in future. We think it is the chairman who had better look out if he wishes to escape censure as a fussy meddler.

It is matter for regret that the London County Council has refused to grant the drivers, conductors, and other employees of the public tramway service a week's holiday annually. The men give hard, efficient work to an undertaking which yields a large profit to the ratepayers, and it is utterly unfair and unreasonable that

they should be not entitled to six days' holiday until they have been three years in employment. No doubt there would be some increase of cost, but the present Council is always drumming it into the heads of the ratepayers that they are business men conducting business on business lines; and most business firms employing a large number of hands somehow manage to give an annual holiday to their workmen without making a fuss about it. The truth is that men who work hard all the year without a holiday tend to go stale and lose that moral effort to do their level best which counts for so much in every commercial and industrial organisation. We wonder what some of the members would say if they had to keep their noses to the grindstone all the year round?

Our friend Archdeacon Colley has been at it again. We cull the following report from the *Rugby Advertiser*:

> Archdeacon Colley followed up his sermon on the "Direct" Voice (see *Leamington Chronicle*, January, 1909) by announcing from the pulpit at Stockton, Rugby, as follows:—"Ghostly voices from lips that have crumbled to dust in the grave will again be heard to-night after Divine Service. And next Sunday night (January 31st)—God permitting—the prayers of the Church will, some of them, be said by a clerical brother recently departed this life, whose lips that uttered them have crumbled to dust in the grave (for 'he, being dead, yet speaketh'), and the Choral Amens to his voicing of the prayers for the Clergy and People, and Prayer for all Sorts and Conditions of men, and the General Thanksgiving, with the Prayer of St. Chrysostom, and the concluding Grace, will be sung by the invisible choir of our now sainted Spirit Friend's London Church, thus inexplicably brought to Stockton, to show how the Services of his Church, most famous for music in London, were rendered in the Worship of Sacred Song before the late Vicar joined the Heavenly Choir to chant Celestial Praises to the Glory of God, and swell the Mighty Alleleuiahs of the Orchestras of the Wonder World above of the Redeemed "out of every kindred, and nation, and people, and tongue, who sung a new song, saying, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive Glory and Honour and Power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure, they are and were created'" (Rev. v. 9, 10; iv. 11).

The Archdeacon evidently intends to startle the natives this time. We do not object to his amusing his friends with conjuring tricks, and are quite ready to lend him our gramaphone, if it will give him any pleasure, but we think his Bishop might give him a hint not to make a fool of himself in church, lest the enemy should have occasion to blaspheme. A correspondent inquires whether "the four walls have not yet been built for the reception and detention of this juggler." We hope they have not only been built, but well padded.

WORRIED LOOKS.—XVI.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For advertising "new laid eggs, my own production,"
MR. WALTER MUSSON, OF SOUTHWELL,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advice: "If MICE *are at all troublesome, dress them with a mixture of red-lead and water, made into a thick paint,"*
GARDEN LIFE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Michael Scullion, pedlar, was charged with assaulting three men, including a constable and a woman,"
THE ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that the change of courts in the Stirling divorce case "was not an advantageous one, as the AGNOSTICS *were faulty,"*
THE GLASGOW EVENING DISPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement:
TRADESMAN, *Pony, Cart, and Harness for Sale, £12 12s., or offer,*
MR. REEVE, BAKER, OF TOTTENHAM,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the report of a man "with a mother, a wooden leg, and a pound a week to keep them on,"
THE CAMBRIA DAILY LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following advertisement: "For sale. Staffordshire cow and calf, 10s.*; parson and clerk,* 18s.*,"*
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE EVENING NEWS*,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting Mr. Stirling as having said to his wife: "If you leave I will settle £600 a year on you FOR LIFE, *and* THEN AFTERWARDS *you can marry Lord Northland,"*
THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the DEATH *is announced from Brussels of Josephine Rubay, the only* LIVING *woman who had spoken with Napoleon on the day of the battle of Ligny,"*
THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that "ball bearing garters are the newest and most practical of all garters, and COST NO MORE THAN OTHER GARTERS AT THE SAME PRICE,"
THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., OF SHIRLEY, MASS., U.S.A.
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report: "You are liable to be fined £5, but I think £5 5s. will meet the case, with 2s. for the damage to the advertisement, and 23s. costs. THIRTY SHILLINGS *in all,"*
THE DUBLIN MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For a poster: "Miss Charlesworth's Boxes Sold. Lord Northland in the Box,"
THE BIRMINGHAM DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for "Ladies, smart and lady-like appearance, for ENLARGEMENTS,"
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report: "After a final trial of the ignition the machine was launched at 4.28, and, speeding for about two kilometres towards the west, turned and came back, passing the shed and proceeding A DISTANCE OF 500 KILOMETRES *at an elevation of about 18 ft. It then circled at a radius of 200 metres, with the shed as centre, and came lightly to earth after a flight of* NEARLY SIX MINUTES,"
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OUR ADMIRALS.—III.

SIR W. H. MAY.

By Vedette.

It is quite possible that in the event of a great naval war the supreme command of the whole of our ships in home waters would be entrusted to either Sir Arthur Wilson or Sir William May. Probably the last named would be chosen on account of his youth when compared with Admiral Wilson, and Wilson would be found once more at the head of the executive at the Admiralty, since he is admittedly our very finest Naval tactician, and he would handle the fleets as accurately as ever Von Moltke handled the German troops from Berlin in 1870-71. Those who know May best, however, hold that he is but little behind Wilson, and the foeman who finds himself contending with the Wilson-May combination will indeed have a long row to hoe.

Though comparatively unknown to the outside world, Admiral May has for some years impressed his personality very strongly upon the Navy, and his selection to command the new Home Fleet, which, with the addition of the greater portion of the existing Channel Fleet will easily be the strongest naval armada ever placed under one command, came in the natural fitness of things. Certain it is that this fleet will be kept strongly up to concert pitch so long as May remains at its head. The man who goes slack when May is about is an individual of much more than ordinary daring. In appearance Admiral May is as unlike the popular conception of a "sea dog" as it is possible to imagine. Lord Charles Beresford, for instance, reeks of the sea as he walks along. Even when seen for the first time people feel that he could not possibly be anything but a sailor. With May, however, the case is quite different. With his clear-cut features and his keen, piercing eyes, he looks as though his proper sphere in life would have been the stage—or the Church. He has been mistaken for an actor, dozen of times, by persons who have passed him in mufti. He carries his age wonderfully well, and looks little more than half the sixty years he will have to acknowledge next July.

Sir William May is essentially a typical example of the thoughtful, clear-thinking "chess board" Admirals who have been produced by the British Navy of recent years. Quite different from the resolute old fire-eaters of Nelson's day, who sought but to find their foe and get to hand-grips with him, recking little of either the numbers against them or the ultimate cost of the victory. May would never leave anything to chance. Every move he would make in a campaign would be carefully worked out and pondered over from every point of view. And it is perfectly certain that he would never commit the error of letting his enemy make him fight a moment before he was quite prepared to do so.

It is a curious fact about May that he stands almost alone among our leading sailors in not possessing a nickname. In the fleet "Charlie," "Jackie," "Tug Wilson," and others are household words, and no one ever thinks of discussing those distinguished Admirals in any other way. There seems to be something so utterly incongruous about applying a nickname to the spruce and precise May that has even appealed to the irreverent junior ranks of the Navy. A curious instance of the manner in which Admiral May is regarded by his subordinates was supplied at the Admiralty a few months ago. One of the younger members of the Department was asked who had been present at some conference of the heads of the Admiralty. "Oh, the usual crowd," was the reply; "'Jackie,' 'Jelly-mould' (meaning Rear Admiral Sir John Jellicoe), old Winsloe and—oh yes—Sir William May." That is precisely how he is regarded by the whole of the Admiralty Staff. Outside the Service I have heard May described as a "perfect dear" by a dowager and "a d——d nuisance" by an aggrieved inventor.

During the two years he has been at the Admiralty as Second Sea Lord, Admiral May has exercised a wonderful controlling influence over various warring elements that have manifested themselves from time to time. May is not the man to say much. Indeed, from all accounts, his is the voice that is heard least at the Admiralty. What he has to say, however, is much to the point. No one has the slightest excuse for mistaking or forgetting any remark the new Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet may address to him. He is possessed of great tact and urbanity, and had he not been a sailor he would have made a name for himself in the diplomatic world. When there was almost an open rupture between the Beresford and Fisher adherents soon after May was appointed Second Sea Lord, it was he who undertook to pour oil on the sorely-troubled waters, and he succeeded.

Though he has not actually seen active service, Admiral May has had a most adventurous career. As a lieutenant he served in the Arctic Expedition under Nares in 1875-76. In common with the present Sir A. H. Markham he had some remarkable experiences, and narrowly escaped losing his feet through frostbite obtained during drives over the pack ice in dog sleighs. Admiral May has never since lost his keen interest in Arctic exploration, and has followed the course of subsequent expeditions to the Pole with the closest interest. Probably Admiral Markham is the only British sailor living who possesses a better knowledge of Polar exploration than does the subject of this sketch.

It sheds an interesting sidelight on his innately modest character, that though Admiral May has received several tempting offers from enterprising publishers, he has steadfastly declined to add to the literature on Polar exploration. "I could say nothing that has not already been said by men infinitely better qualified to speak than I," he remarked a little while ago when it was suggested by a friend that he should write on the Pole and how to reach it. His friends, however, doubt that statement.

Despite his lack of war service Admiral May has been with the fleet to many lands and under varying circumstances, while he has served with great success as Naval Attaché in more than one European capital. He is, moreover, one of the few British sailors now living who has had his merits recognised by other countries besides his own. It is five years since the King handed him the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order, while he also wears the German Red Eagle and the French Legion d'Honneur. And other and higher honours are still in store for him.

It is rather curious to note the manner in which those who serve under him regard May. That his men instinctively place complete faith in him has been demonstrated on several occasions. That they would follow him blindly and unquestioningly wherever he led them is certain. They would know that he had reckoned upon every possibility, and that if it was humanly possible to ensure success, victory would be theirs. But it would be wrong to argue that because of these facts his men have that utter devotion to him that has been so often shown by the men of the fleet to British Admirals. Nelson in the past and Beresford of the present are typical examples of men who have excited this feeling of personal attachment in the breasts of those serving under them. On the other hand, May is not feared as Fisher is feared in the Navy and Kitchener in the Army.

Truth to tell, however, May is something too self-centred, too "stand-offish" in his manner to gain great personal popularity with his subordinates. Despite his many charming characteristics and great abilities he has got that air of eyeing everyone from a standpoint of utter mental superiority that, not to put too fine a point on it, is at first disconcerting, then annoying, and at length downright exasperating. "If anyone could possibly be half as clever as May looks, he would be a wonder," is a paraphrase of a famous saying that comes to the mind of many who are brought into contact with him. Said a captain, himself a sailor of more than ordinary ability, who served under May when he was in command of the Channel Fleet, after an interview with the Admiral: "Confound it all! The whole time I was talking to him he was regarding me with an air of saying 'Yes, that is just the kind of piffle *you* would talk.'"

Not to speak of torpedoes when discussing Admiral May would be distinctly akin to analysing "Hamlet" without reference to him of the gloomy visage. May has done for torpedo practice in the Navy what Percy Scott has done for gunnery. He realised many years ago that a torpedo was a weapon every bit as useful as a gun in modern naval warfare in the hands of men well accustomed to its use; and he has stood steadfastly to this faith ever since. It was he who devised the first really practical method of firing torpedoes from the deck of a battleship, and this invention of his is only one of many that is in use in the fleet to-day. The man who said a short time ago, "May is one of the biggest assets the British Navy possesses to-day," emphatically knew what he was talking about.

REMINISCENCES OF STIRNOT HOMES.

(From the Diary of His Friend, Dr. John Whatson.)

By WALTER MOORE.

I.—THE CASE OF ROSE MARKHAM.

"Whatson," murmured my friend Homes one dismal January evening, as we sat, one on each side of our joint sitting-room fire, "pass the tobacco-jar."

Rousing myself with an effort from the reverie into which I had fallen, I handed the shag-pot across to the celebrated investigator, who proceeded to charge his clay with the grace and rapidity of an expert smoker. His long, lithe fingers, thin to the point of emaciation, yet, notwithstanding their attenuity, capable of a grip like Russian influenza, gleamed weirdly in the flickering fire-light as he rammed a generous, nay, a rather unfair, allowance of the weed into the blackened bowl of his pipe, once the cherished possession of a notorious murderer whom he had dragged to a just doom; and with each flare of the flaming tandsticker, his clean-shaven, cadaverous face shone out with ghastly distinctness against the sombre shadows and dingy hangings of our bachelor den.

For two mortal hours Stirnot Homes had sat, a huddled silent figure, in his capacious, moth-eaten armchair, staring into the fire. Knowing from a long and intimate acquaintance with my famous friend's peculiarities that his powerful mind must be wrestling with a problem of unusual difficulty, I, too, had sat in silence, save when I had shovelled on a few of the coals with which our landlady was considerate enough to supply us at sixpence a scuttle, for I had feared either by speech or movement to break the continuity of his thoughts.

"I shall certainly risk a sixpenny postal order on that, Whatson," he remarked.

"I don't quite follow," I returned, endeavouring to see his drift.

"Whatson, I sometimes despair of you," said Homes. "What is the first thing that in the mind of any ordinary man is associated with a sixpenny postal order?"

I made no reply, fearing further to excite my celebrated friend's ridicule.

"Whatson, Whatson," he murmured, toying with the poker, "there is but *one* thing that by any possibility can be suggested by the words 'a sixpenny postal order' now that limericks are dead, and that, my obtuse friend, is an anagram competition. For lack of anything more important to claim my attention at the moment, I have been exercising my mind with anagrams; and I flatter myself that I have dropped upon one that should prove a winner. True, it is somewhat gruesome, but at least it is topical. 'Messina—In a mess.' What do you think of that?"

Overcome with admiration for my famous friend's versatility, I could find no words; and I was not a little relieved when a loud knock at our door broke the silence.

"According to the elementary rules of deduction there should be someone outside on the landing who desires admittance," murmured Homes, pressing the tips of his taper fingers together delicately. "Come in!"

The door was flung open, and I turned to see a tall, stout man, bearded to the eyes, and bearing upon as much of his face as could be seen all the marks of anxiety and excitement.

"Mr. Stirnot Homes?" he queried, in a husky, pharangitic voice, looking alternately at Homes and me.

I rose to leave the room. "Don't go, Whatson," said Homes. "I may want you." Then, turning to his perturbed visitor, "Be seated," he said; "I am Stirnot Homes. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Homes I am in the direst trouble. I have followed your exploits in the *Strand Magazine*, and believe you are the only man in the world who can help me. My name is Markham—Ebenezer Markham," continued the stranger, swallowing a mouthful of excitement.

"I know," interposed Homes, quietly.

"How on earth——!" began our visitor, in a tone of astonishment.

"And I can tell you more," continued Homes, ignoring the interruption; "you came by 'bus, and you do not shave yourself. Further, you are not so young as you were, and you are fond of what you like."

"Mr. Homes," ejaculated Ebenezer Markham, 'you are an extraordinary man. A wizard. You put fresh life into me. You fill me with hope. You are the only man in the world who can help me. Say that you will."

"Mr. Markham," returned Homes, gravely; "I am only human. There are limitations even to my powers. Tell me your story; and I will assist you, if I can."

Mr. Ebenezer Markham sat silent for a moment, scratching the crown of his head. Then, as if nerved for a trying ordeal, looked Homes full in the face and began his narrative.

"Mr. Homes, I am a father."

"Ah," murmured my celebrated friend; "I had already deduced that."

"And I have a daughter," continued the first speaker. "Her name is Rose; and I am afraid she takes after her mother. Still, I love her. Last night she disappeared, leaving this enigmatical note on her dressing table. I will read it. Listen.

"'The political gods demand a sacrifice. My way is not your way, but the *hollow way*. I go to join her whose name Coleridge has made famous for all time!'

"Mr. Homes, find my daughter, and earn the blessings of a father's heart. She used to bring me up a cup of tea and a rusk every morning at 7 o'clock. She is all I have with the exception of her mother and my three sons."

At this point Ebenezer Markham broke down and buried his beard in a bandana handkerchief. Homes rose from his chair, manifestly moved.

"Send me round a photograph of your daughter, at once; call in to-morrow afternoon, and I may have news for you. Whatson, show Mr. Markham out, and mind the step."

When I returned to the sitting-room Homes had disappeared. On the table he had left a note.

"Disguise yourself as a Cabinet Minister, and be so good as to be ready to accompany me at eight o'clock on an expedition of some risk. Homes."

It was now seven. I had only an hour wherein to assume my disguise. Fortunately I had not shaved that morning; so that, but for the addition of a red tie and a bowler hat, a frockcoat and a pair of brown boots, I was already equipped.

As the clock began to strike the hour of eight, the door slowly opened, and a female figure entered, clad in the garb of a Suffragette.

"Is Mr. Stirnot Homes in?" asked the woman.

"I regret to say he is not," I replied. "But I am his confidential friend. Can I give him any message?"

"Evidently this disguise will do," returned the woman, in another voice. It was Homes! "Come, Whatson, we must be off. The photo has arrived. We will see whether we can find Ebenezer's rosebud."

Disgusted with my want of perspicacity, I followed Homes down to the street, where he hailed a passing taxi, and ordered the chauffeur to drive to the Houses of Parliament.

On the way he instructed me in the part I was to play, which will be disclosed in the course of the narrative.

Arrived at our destination, we found a large concourse of women assembled. Homes paid the driver, and plunged instantly into the thick of the throng, whilst I remained on the fringe, uncomfortable in my disguise. Presently I heard a shrill voice screaming, "Women of England, follow me. I will lead you to a Cabinet Minister, whom you may tear limb from limb. Rose Markham! Where is Rose Markham? Rose Markham and women of England to the attack!"

In a moment the whole body were moving in my direction, the disguised figure of Stirnot Homes leading, holding a young girl by the hand. Willingly, following my instructions, I commenced to run, the mob after me. Round the first corner stood a waiting taxi. I jumped in; Homes and the girl followed; and we were off in an instant, leaving behind us an infuriated mob of Suffragettes. I looked across at Homes's companion. Silently he handed me a photograph, I glanced at it. Rose Markham was found!

* * * * *

Later, when we were once again seated in our sitting-room, I ventured to seek enlightenment on one or two points in the foregoing remarkable case.

"About that letter of Rose Markham's," I suggested, "What did she mean by her reference to Coleridge?"

"Whatson," returned Homes, "have you never read 'Christabel'? The name now is as famous in politics as in poetry. Any more questions?"

I subsided.

PHILANTHROPY AND BUSINESS.

In the newspapers a day or two ago the following statement appeared :—

> Sir E. P. Wills, of Bristol, has placed in the hands of the Bishop of Bristol £15,000 to clear off the mortgage on the episcopal residence, which was built eight years ago, any balance to be devoted to Church purposes in the diocese.

There may be some of us who think that there must be something wrong in the national Church when bishops build houses for their personal requirements which cost £15,000 over and above available moneys, but if Sir E. P. Wills likes to give a cheque to wipe off the debt nobody has the right to object, and the Bishop of Bristol may well be grateful.

But Sir E. P. Wills is a man who plays many parts. He is not only a munificent supporter of the Church, he is a tradesman in a very large way of business, and, among other things, the local controller of the Imperial Tobacco Trust. This huge organisation comprises and includes in the Bristol District, Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills, Ltd., Mardens', Ltd., Franklyn, Davey and Co., and Edwardes, Wringer and Bigg. The total number of the persons employed is upwards of 10,000, and about 75 per cent. of them are females. Now within the last two or three weeks there has been a little nervousness in Bristol as to an outbreak of smallpox. There does not seem to have been much to go upon, but one or two men belonging to the company's staff have been stricken with the disease, and thefeupon the management determined that everybody in the works must be revaccinated forthwith. The following, or a similar notice, has been put up at the different premises of the company :—

> Owing to the reported possibility of a serious outbreak of smallpox in Bristol, it has been decided that every employee of the Imperial Tobacco Co. shall be examined by our doctor in order to see whether, for their own protection and for the safety of the public, any of them shall be revaccinated. If our medical officer decides that such revaccination is advisable, the management hope that, for the safety of all those employees, they will at once be vaccinated at the company's expense as in 1902. Any who refuse to be vaccinated will do so at their own risk of illness, as well as of continued employment in the factories, and anyone refusing to submit herself or himself to examination by the doctor, will not be allowed to go to the factory until the Medical Officer of Health of the City of Bristol reports that all serious risk of infection is over.

To put it shortly, this means that the employees of the Imperial Tobacco Co. in Bristol must consent to be revaccinated or go. Now it may be that revaccination is a very sensible thing, but Sir E. P. Wills, and those responsible with him for this order, must know quite well that even expert opinion differs widely on the subject, and that those who object to vaccination do so with an intensity that leaves them no option but to refuse to obey an order of this kind, unless they are moved by the direst pressure of necessity. Are the directors of the Imperial Tobacco Co. justified in using their power to compel their employees to consent to vaccination, not at a time when there is an epidemic of smallpox in the neighbourhood, but only because some timid souls think there is a possibility of some such epidemic by-and-by ?

Passing from this question of compulsory vaccination—a thing which the State itself no longer ventures to enforce—we say a word or two about wages paid to the workpeople, more especially the women, employed by the Imperial Tobacco Co., of whom there are some 6,000 or 7,000. Our information is that the wages of these female workers average from 3s. at ages of 14-15 at entrance, to 10s. at the age of 21. The latter wage is not exceeded even should a female remain in the combine's employment after she is 21, unless in the case of piece workers, who are comparatively few, and who by great industry and experience may gain a remuneration in advance of the higher figure named.

And whilst the wages are as we have stated—hardly enough to keep body and soul together, even if they were received in full—the "Conditions of Employment and Factory Rules" show that there are many fines. Surely it would have been more to the credit of one of Bristol's foremost citizens if he had spent the £15,000 in improving in some small ways the position of the workpeople in his tobacco factories, even though business considerations prevented his raising the scale of wages all round to a level that would make life worth living.

TOO OLD AT THIRTY-EIGHT.

We have received the following suggestive letter :—

With the prefatory assurance that this letter does not contain anything that will tend to waste your time, may I induce you to read it ?

I have committed a very serious crime—nothing more or less than allowing myself to reach the age of 38, which blazing indiscretion on my part, I need hardly say, is viewed with utmost disfavour on the part of prospective employers.

Now at the present time I am in a position which I have filled for the past eight years—bookkeeper or accountant for a lot of West African Mining Companies, and as most of them have gone the way of all flesh—and mining companies—I am faced with the possibility of being out of a job in the very near future.

Lately, I have had interviews with several people, who had vacancies. My credentials were all right, my ability wasn't in doubt, but—horrible !—I was 38 years of age !—for which sin of omission or commission I wouldn't do at any price.

I am a first-class bookkeeper and know my business.

I can get out balance-sheets and the like. I am a hard worker, and not a clockwatcher.

I am sober and temperate in spite of the fact that I'm married.

My present employers speak of me in the very highest terms.

And still it is difficult for me to get anything else because I'm 38 !

I have been in touch with a couple of employment agencies, but beyond taking the fee and saying "Thank you" for it, I might have kept the cash in my pocket for all the benefit I received.

Our correspondent has our sympathy, but he evidently has plenty of life and "go" in him yet. Why not call himself *twenty*-eight ?

NURSERY RHYMES.—III.

Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of Capitalism.
Be it alive or be it dead,
I'll have its gold to make my bread.

"Bottomley's Book" will be published immediately after the conclusion of the Guildhall proceedings in Rex *v.* Bottomley.

TERRITORIALS.

By Jim Crow.

[*We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.*]

The reason why the Territorials are vastly popular just now is not far to seek. Everybody is so perfectly convinced of the utter impossibility of a foreign invasion that a form of service, which is restricted to home defence, appeals even to the most timorous. What an opportunity of displaying cheap patriotism without risking so much as a hair of the skin! Your ordinary soldier is admired by nursemaids, and cheered by crowds, at any rate when war is in the air, but he has to face bullets and privations, perhaps even fearful odds; when he returns with only one leg or one arm, a grateful country relegates him to the workhouse, or sends him to prison for begging. But the terrible territorial combines glory with perfect safety. His valour in marching through the City, his self-sacrifice in devoting to drills the leisure which was intended for the criticism of football, are they not written in the chronicles?

Admirers of Aliens.

It is instructive to note that the reactionaries are now tacitly admitting that Protection involves conscription. In order to push their putrid heresy, these non-Englanders have deliberately laboured to exalt Protectionist countries at the expense of our own. I have heard these admirers of aliens ask contemptuously whether it is conceivable that Britain can be right, and every other nation wrong, about a simple question of economics. Amazingly enough, they have been allowed to utter such foolish blasphemies without being struck by a single egg or dead cat. "Black bread and asses' flesh in Germany indeed?" they protest; "certainly not, the Germans fare sumptuously on sausage and pickled cabbage. Besides, black bread is far more wholesome than white or brown." Every day the lot of the foreign peasant is extolled by Brummagen confederates.

Here Comes the Bogey Man.

From this form of treacherous mendacity to an assertion of alien superiority in strength, courage, and the arts of war, is but an easy step. We poor insular fools forsooth, blighted by the curse of free food, can never hope to stand up against more favoured nations. If they had only chosen, they could have overrun us long ago. Why they did not choose has not been explained, nor why they should now suddenly form such fell designs. But, if we value our lives and our homes and our liberties, and the honour of our women, we must not lose an instant in preparing to hurl the invader into the sea.

Indecent Ineptitude.

The methods of this bogus agitation are no less ludicrous than its aims. Every theatrical, farcical, and melodramatic trick has been brought to bear. An officer of alien extraction has brought down a playhouse with a sort of harlequinade full of cruel gibes at British pluck, manhood, and patriotism. Illiterate halfpenny sheets have screeched over the performance with such loud and indecent glee that all the fools in the country have been tumbling over each other at the pit-doors ever since. What Mr. Haldane failed to accomplish by three years' hard labour, it appears, has been done in a trice by Monsieur du Maurier and the editor of the *Daily Mail*. This being so, it is not surprising that the noble editor should have assumed command of the situation. I am informed that he now spends most of his spare time in telephoning to adjutants of Territorial regiments and instructing them about their route-marches. Some soldiers, however, have retorted with more force than courtesy, and the noble Doctor of News has received passing invitations to take long journeys to sultry climes.

Parodies of Patriotism.

It appears that other foreigners beside Monsieur du Maurier are taking part in the conspiracy. Herr Horn has pulled out £10,000 to encourage unnecessary recruiting. Various strangers keep pulling out coins and pulling wires and pulling legs in frantic zeal for an universal goose-step. But what is it all about? Do these philanthropists want to keep us busy on rifle ranges while they commandeer the markets of the world? Or are they interested in the manufacture of pop-guns and toy rifle ranges? Patriotism indeed! It is more like softening of the brain.

I hereby call for recruits to assemble with me in their thousands and put an end, once for all, to this tedious tomfoolery.

THE REV. F. C. SPURR AND HIS "CALL."

So, after all, the Rev. F. C. Spurr, of Maze Pond Chapel, Old Kent Road, *has* accepted the "call" to Collins Street Church, Melbourne. He will sail early in April. We wish him success in his new home, despite the somewhat vinegary things he recently wrote about us. Evidently the prayers of the Maze Pond congregation for relief from the present financial pressure in their affairs have proved unavailing, and so the rev. gentleman has come to the conclusion that he can do better spiritual work elsewhere.

We are indebted to a member of the congregation for some interesting particulars.

The Receipt of the "Call."

It appears that it was whilst the rev. gentleman was conducting the last "Watch Night" service that he received a cable from Australia, inviting him to accept the pastorate of the Collins Street Church. He says he had in no way sought it, and knew nothing whatever of the reason for the invitation. Consequently he sought Divine guidance in the matter. This having proved to be in favour of taking on the new berth, he placed his resignation in the hands of the members.

The Church Meeting.

The result has been a Church meeting, at which the proceedings, we regret to say, were not marked by Christian harmony. The members resented the charge of apathy which had been levelled against them by their pastor, and they endeavoured to make up for lost time by the exhibition of a good deal of vitality on this particular occasion. The result was that Mr. Spurr dropped that plea and put forward another—one with which we are not unfamiliar in such circumstances—namely, ill health. He complained that he had a throat very susceptible to the effects of London fog, and this very much hampered his career as a preacher. Indeed, it had weighed very greatly with him in deciding to accept the Melbourne offer (for the moment, apparently, the rev. gentleman forgot all about the Divine guidance he had received).

Prayer and Practice.

Some of the members present wished to know why, if Mr. Spurr was such a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, he could not trust to the supplications of the congregation for financial relief being favourably answered. This thrust was, apparently, skilfully parried, with the result that the meeting became somewhat disorderly, and freely expressed the suspicion that the higher salary had something to do with the rev. gentleman's decision.

Filthy Lucre Repudiated.

Mr. Spurr, however, indignantly denied this suggestion, and pointed out that by going away he would have to give up a large amount of literary work he now does for religious journals—but he did not say anything as to whether he would undertake such work when he gets out to Australia, where it is notoriously better paid for than over here.

The Reason for the Melbourne Change.

We understand that the present pastor at Collins Street is being shunted because he is a disciple of the "New Theology." Mr. Spurr, on the other hand, embraces the "old"—and we cannot help feeling there is also a bit of the "Old Adam" about him.

We can only wish the Maze Pond congregation a happy deliverance from all their present afflictions.

THE COAL'D FUTURE.

Professor Ramsay has declared
From Science's prophetic scroll,
That some eight hundred years, 'tis feared,
Will see the last of coal!

O! awful thought! O! chilly fate
Of them whose lives will later fall!
No glowing embers in the grate
To warm their hands withal!

Eight hundred years ahead! Be sure
They'll warm themselves some other way:
But what about the *living* poor
Who have no coals to-day?

Retlaw.

"Bottomley's Book" will be published immediately after the conclusion of the Guildhall proceedings in Rex *v.* Bottomley.

THE IRON HAND.

A LIFE EPITOME IN SIX SCENES.

By Jessie Whitaker.

At Eight.

"Napoleon got there, and so shall I," said the small and rather dilapidated boy in the gutter.

"What's that? What do you know about Napoleon, eh, sonny?" questioned the pedestrian.

"I seen his life. Got it from the free lib'ry. He was just an or'nary boy, same as everyone else, and he made all his brothers and sisters into kings and queens, and himself into head of the whole lot."

"And do you want to do the same, Tommy?"

"Ra-ther. I reckon what one feller's done another can do—if he sets his mind to it, an' has grit."

At Eighteen.

"Where are you going, Tom?"

"Going to the Building Construction Class, mother."

"Whatever do you go there for?" asked the woman, curiously. The youth smiled.

"Because I'm going to get on," he announced. "Going to make my fortune and my way in the world, mother. You don't suppose I'd be content to stop a workman all my life, do you? I'm going to qualify myself for an architect. One day you'll see me living in my own house—a gentleman. Just wait. These evening classes are made for lads like me."

At Twenty-Eight.

"I know I'm not much of a catch for you, Mary, but I'm awfully fond of you. Say yes—do. I know it would be a bit of a come-down for you to marry a working-man, but I've got the promise of a fo eman's job when old Stubbs leaves—as he's been saying he's going to do for two years. And I'm a steady sort of chap, Mary. You'll see I shall get on."

"Yes, but my father would never listen to it. And I wouldn't go against his wishes for anything, Tom."

"Supposing I was foreman?" questioned the man. "Supposing we wait until I get promoted?"

"We can try asking him then," remarked the girl, doubtfully.

At Thirty-Eight.

It was in Hyde Park, on a Sunday afternoon.

"Yes, my friends," yelled the Socialist orator, "our present system of society is just constituted to *keep down*. It's same as though a man was born with a great weight on him, that he can't lift, no matter how he struggles. It always crushes him in the end—the iron hand. But the day's coming when it'll be thrown off. Eh, boys? A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together will do it. We've got to act as they did in France more'n a hundred years ago.

"Why, look at me, for an example, boys. Never was a kid born with more ambition than me. And I've worked like a horse with my brains and my hands all my life, and all it runs to is thirty bob a week, and my girl threw me over because it wasn't enough for her. All that's because I was born down Whitechapel way, I s'pose. And a man that never done a hand's turn in his life is getting thousands a week, mebbe. It's got to be altered.

"What we want is a new Napoleon—the Napoleon of labour. When the right man comes to the fore, you'll see things'll be altered in double quick time."

Just then a drop of rain as big as a pea fell on the excited orator's forehead, and his audience melted rapidly away.

At Forty-Eight.

"I've called to see you about this compensation business," said the thin man from the insurance company. "I see you have been drawing fourteen shillings a week from our company for some time."

"Ever since I lost my hand in June."

"Well, I want to settle up with you, if you are agreeable. Our company likes to square these things for a lump sum, when it can be done. How would £100 down suit you?"

"It's not enough. Besides, I would rather have the annuity than settle at all."

"I think I can make you change your mind on that. You know so long as you're drawing your fourteen shillings a week, you are not allowed to get work anywhere else. Now you are not really quite incapacitated. With £100 in hand, you could take some nice little business—a tobacconist's, say, or a newsagent's, and what's the matter with your making it go? It's a poor thing for a man to settle down to fourteen shillings a week before he's fifty. Who's to say but you might make a nice little income in business?"

This argument was plausible, and seemed to tell. "I'll think it over," said the victim.

At Fifty-Eight.

"I'm afraid this a bad case," remarked the workhouse doctor, opposite the first bed in No. 3 ward. "When was he brought in?"

"Early this morning. He was out all night on the Embankment, and was wet to the skin. Been delirious ever since."

The doctor inserted a clinical thermometer neatly under the patient's right arm—whch was handless—and drew out a stethoscope. For a few moments there was silence. Then he put away his instrument, read the thermometer, and shook his head.

"Double pneumonia," he said. "Have they identified him?"

"I think not."

"Well, if they do, and if there's anyone to send for, they should be communicated with at once," said the doctor, as he moved to the next bed.

But there was no one.

CRUELTY TO PIT PONIES.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Horace Snow, of Brighton, which deserves attention:—

> The appalling case of cruelty recorded in your issue of the 6th inst., brings prominently forward what can and does take place in the "dark places of the earth." Hidden away in the gloom and privacy of the mine, these wretched ponies are practically at the mercy of the lads, often rough and brutal, under whose charge they are placed; small wonder, then, is it that such incidents occur, though probably only too seldom brought to light.
>
> It is a question if punishing an offender, either by fine or imprisonment, is always better for the miserable, as a cruel and vindictive man will possibly avail himself of the first secret opportunity to revenge himself upon his defenceless victim who, to his illogical mind, is the cause of his well-deserved punishment. The following suggestion might, I think, perhaps be found applicable, viz., that annual—or better still, half-yearly—licences be issued to those persons keeping horses or other draught animals, which licences, in cases of neglect or cruelty, would be liable to suspension. The licence—which would be to *work* an animal, not to *own* it—might be free, or, at most, a nominal cost. Previous to and within a week or fortnight of application for a grant or renewal of licence, every owner would be required to obtain a veterinary surgeon's certificate that the particular animal is fit for work. One licence and one certificate for each animal, transferable with the horse, if sold.
>
> As regards employees, each man would hold a licence which, in case of conviction, would be liable to suspension. Only stablemen, grooms, and other horse attendants could be employed who were licensed for that purpose.
>
> This measure would obviously tend to check much abuse, and could not logically be objected to by any reasonable and really humane person.
>
> Your correspondent (a mining engineer) is somewhat in error when he states that "there are inspectors," if, by such words, he means inspection solely on behalf of the ponies. The mines are private property, and no one, except under Government authority, can descend without permission from the owners. The Government mine inspectors—who have the right of entry to all mines, and whose duties have nothing whatever to do with the protection of animals—must not be confused with inspectors of private animal protection societies, who enjoy no such prerogative of admission.

We venture to suggest to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that it should look below the surface.

CIVILIZATION.

The Indians are a savage race,
Who scalps delight in pulling;
But England—oh, the foul disgrace!
We have our Clubs for Sculling!

S. T.

Arrangements for "JOHN BULL" Readers

. . . TO HAVE . . .

SANDOW'S PERSONAL ADVICE

ON THEIR HEALTH.

Eugen Sandow, who is Himself the Healthiest Man in the World, Claims that he can show Readers of "John Bull" how to cure their Complaints and Weaknesses and Become Strong, Healthy Enjoyers of Life with small cost in either Time or Money, and Without Medicine or any other External or Internal Means. Age makes no Difference, nor does the Fact of the Complaints Suffered Having been Previously Considered Chronic. Arrangements have been made for "John Bull" Readers to Test his assertion, which is Backed up by the Report of the Investigator of "Truth" Newspaper, Who Declares that 99 out of every 100 People who follow Mr. Sandow's Advice receive Great Benefit, and 94 out of every 100 are Entirely Cured of their Illnesses, or if not actually ill, are made Thoroughly Strong.

Eugen Sandow, whose career, from the first moment he burst into public notice, has been one long succession of ever-increasing successes, is, as probably every reader of JOHN BULL knows, the founder of a new science of curing illness by entirely natural means. He claims to have proved beyond dispute that from within the body, without requiring any external help, we every one of us have the power of combating and overcoming practically every form of illness from which mankind and womankind suffer.

The extraordinary success which has followed his introduction of scientific exercises for this purpose has caused people from all over the world to consult him for their troubles. As is usually the case, the first to realise the wonders of the modern method of curing illness without medicine were the most eminent medical men in all countries. Then it was only natural that the patients of those great specialists—Royalty, nobility, and the richer classes learnt of the marvellous cures which Mr. Sandow brought about, and they flocked, and are to-day flocking, to him for the relief and cure of all manner of illnesses.

He has arranged that readers of JOHN BULL who write to him can obtain the benefit of his advice without cost, and, if they are found to be cases in which he can do good, they may then secure his treatment by correspondence at a very small cost, so that all sufferers shall be enabled to realise in their own persons the wonders of exercise as a cure.

It must not be thought that what is called the scientific exercise treatment is a severe and trying form of cure. There are no weights to lift, no strains to be undergone. Children, women at all periods of their lives, men of thirty, fifty, seventy, eighty, or more years, can all find in Mr. Sandow's advice a means of regaining lost health, and very often obtaining glorious vigorous vitality for the first time in their lives. Men and women who, owing to sedentary occupations, are becoming too stout, can learn from Mr. Sandow how to naturally dispose of and eliminate from their bodies, not only the fat, but the causes which create it, so that they subsequently avoid a repetition of the trouble.

Lady readers who suffer from curvatures of the spine or other skeletal deformities, can, without the use of instruments, gradually and thoroughly and pleasantly bring their bodies to as perfect a state as their at present more fortunate sisters.

That large class of readers who every winter suffer from asthma, catarrh, and other chest complaints, can strengthen their chests and the organs of their bodies until these troubles become a thing of the past. Then, again, another important group—and there must be thousands of JOHN BULL readers who belong to this class—namely, those who, through irregularity of the functions, have become dyspeptic, troubled with indigestion, constipation, insomnia, or that awful palpitation, the curse of so many lives, can now find that each and every one of these conditions is thoroughly cured by Mr. Sandow's method.

It must be mentioned that, in addition to considering the cases of readers, Mr. Sandow will send an illustrated book fully describing the method, and also a complete report from the famous newspaper *Truth* of an investigation made into thousands of cases of people who had consulted him. In this report it will be seen that Mr. Sandow was successful in ninety-nine out of every 100 cases in doing good for the sufferer, and in no less than ninety-four out of every 100 brought about a complete achievement of the object for which he had been consulted.

Perhaps the most gratifying feature of all, in telling JOHN BULL readers of this offer, is that, however long one may have suffered, however many different drugs or patent medicines one may have swallowed without any good effect, Mr. Sandow's exercise cure can be relied upon to bring about the desired relief.

No reader of JOHN BULL should neglect this opportunity of obtaining Mr. Sandow's opinion upon his or her case, and his book which tells, with many illustrations, of a perfectly safe and certain method of obtaining the incomparable gift of complete physical fitness.

"JOHN BULL" SPECIAL CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE COUPON FOR THE READER'S CONVENIENCE.

Arrangements have been made by which Mr. Sandow will, without any charge, study the cases of JOHN BULL *readers who fill in this coupon and send a personal letter giving his opinion upon the suitability of their cases or a complete cure by scientific exercises. At the same time he will forward also, without charge, a copy of his booklet, "Health from Physical Culture," and a full reprint of the "Truth" investigation report on the success of this method.*

A letter on ordinary notepaper will do quite as well, but for convenience this Form of Enquiry may be filled in and forwarded to Mr. Sandow.

To EUGEN SANDOW, 32A, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

Please send me a copy of "Health from Physical Culture," and also a reprint of the "Truth" investigator's Report on the results of the Sandow Treatment, together with your opinion as to whether mine is a case for a cure by scientific exercise.

Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, or other title. } NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Here give particulars concisely, but as completely as possible, such as age, occupation, previous illness, etc., duration of the weakness or illness for which the applicant is desirous of looking into the question of the Curative Physical Culture Treatment. Mr. Sandow will endeavour to accompany the books with a personal letter of advice as to the suitability of the case for a cure by exercise.

J. B.

A DEAL IN ART.

By J. M. Jacobs.

Yellingham was always worrying me to have a look at his bungalow. So one fine afternoon I ran down to Southend. As luck would have it, that same afternoon Yellingham ran up to town!

I was strolling back disconsolately towards the station, when I caught sight of an elephantine form bearing down on me. Its face was red and its moustache was grey and its lips pursed into a sort of smile.

"Hullo, Arlow!" I cried. "What brings you so far from home?"

"Benefit of my 'ealth, sir," puffed my old acquaintance. "Frightful dull 'ole—come an' 'ave a drink?"

When I first knew Arlow, he kept a thriving pub. in the New Cut. But he had waxed fatter and fatter, until it took two men to measure him for a pair of trousers, and he could no longer squeeze behind the bar. Now, his sole occupation was the patronising of other people's pubs.; and at his request I followed him into the "Whale." I clinked my Scotch against his Bass and asked after his old cronies.

"All gorn, excep' Billy the Goat," he cried, with a pathetic shake of the head. "I'm goin' to meet 'im now."

But the mention of his name seemed to throw Arlow into a reverie.

"I say!" he cried, "want to see some fun?"

"Rather!" said I, gloomily.

"Join in it?" he pursued, eagerly.

"Well, that depends," I smiled. "Can't buy a pig in a poke, you know."

Arlow turned purple, and his face twisted into all manner of shapes.

"'Tain't a pig," he gasped, at length. "It's a picsher."

I stared at him, and he went on more soberly: "I'd go off my bloomin' 'ead, if I didn't try to liven up the place a bit," he sighed. "But this time me an' Billy 'ave 'it on a real 18-carat gem. There's a little pub. off the Lunnon Road kep' by a woman 'oo 'ails from the Isle o' Wight. Now I never bin so far, but I'd give twenty to one it's a place with plenty o' green about?"

I nodded assent, and he resumed: "Well, in that there pub. there's a snug little parler with a picsher 'ung up over the fireplace. My eye, but it's enough to make a cat laugh! I've seen a jolly sight better sold in the Cut for a bob on a Saturday night. We've kidded the old gal it's worth its weight in gold—an' she takes it all in! Day before yesterday I gave a chap 'arf a pint to offer 'er a quid for it. W'y, 'e nearly got chucked out o' the 'ouse!"

"But where do *I* come in?" I asked, warily.

He chuckled. "Now we're comin' to it; she's promised to give me fust opshun—if she sells it under fifty pound."

I looked at him blankly. "It's on'y to keep the pot-a-bilin'," he grinned. "An' if I finds 'er a customer, I'm blowed if I ain't a-goin' to git a fair 'arf o' wot it fetches *over* the fifty pound!"

Here he was seized by another of his peculiar imitations of laughter, and it wasn't until he had imbibed a deep draught that he recovered enough breath to go on again; "So I've undertook to bring down a dealer from Piccadilly to look at it on the q.t. one day this week. My nevvy in the oil-an'-colour line comes to see me Thursdays arter 'e shuts up, and I wos goin' to shove 'im into the picsher biz, for one night on'y. But a genl'eman like you'd do a knockout—if you ain't too proud?"

"Oh, no," I laughed. "But suppose I offer her a hundred pounds and she says 'Done'? That would upset your apple-cart, wouldn't it?"

"Lor' bless you, no!" he shook his head, sagely. "The more you offer, the less she's likely to take it—oh, I've worked that up A1. 'Now mind,' says I, ''e's the artfullest cove in creation. 'E'll make some ridickerlus offer an' go away. But 'e's bound to come back agen."

Oh, he's a deep 'un, is Arlow, a regular Machiavelli! I could not but admire the thorough way he coached me up in my part. He takes his jokes as seriously as—well, as the victims themselves sometimes.

It was nearly six o'clock before we arrived at the "Fox and Goose." We walked straight into the cosy bar-parlour. "Billy the Goat" (so-called from his little beard and stupid grin) was there already, and we found him arguing feelingly that a duty of a guinea a bottle on champagne would do away with the need for taxing the poor man's ale. A stalwart young fellow smoking a pipe in the arm-chair rather fiercely begged to differ; while the shabby man opposite only reiterated, "Hear, hear."

Arlow exchanged glances with his fellow-conspirator, to whom he introduced me as "Mr. 'Ooley from Lunnon." Billy seemed to "twig" at once and responded with a nautical salute, just as the landlady made her appearance.

"How's biz?" Arlow asked me, ostentatiously.

"Oh, don't ask," I took up my cue. "You can't get a decent horse now for love or money."

"My friend's a 'orse-dealer," he exclaimed, pointedly.

"Dear me!" she cried. "You don't say so."

Billy choked in his mug, but I felt rather mean.

"I say," went on Arlow in a casual tone. "'Ad any more orfers for that there old picture o' yourn?"

"No," she replied. "Besides it's not for sale."

"Rats!" he rejoined, disdainfully. "W'y I could buy the Moniment, if I on'y 'ad brass enough. By the bye, guv'nor," he turned abruptly to me, "you used to be a bit of a connosher one time, didn't you?"

"'I?" I replied, innocently. "I'm only a child in such things."

Billy was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, and Arlow made faces at the landlady. "Sometimes children's better judges than grown-ups," he remarked, sententiously.

"Hear, hear!" said the shabby man.

"I beg to differ," objected the young fellow in the arm-chair.

Arlow frowned at the interruption. "Well, I don't care a 'ang if it is or it ain't," said he, drily, "so long as you give the gent. a chance of seein' the thing for 'isself."

"This is certainly a remarkable work of art," was all I could trust myself to say without losing countenance.

"Ah!" murmured Billy, "they don't paint 'em like that nowadays."

"Well, wot d'yer think it's worth?" asked Arlow.

"Oh, not so much," said I, with a parade of indifference.

I heard Arlow whisper to the hostess: "Ani't 'e a artful bloke? See me fetch 'im!" And then he added, aloud: "Look 'ere, would yer fork out three pounds for it?"

"Three pounds!" I cried, eagerly. "Oh, if it's only a matter of three pounds——" and I put my hand to my pocket.

The indignant landlady uttered an emphatic refusal. Arlow was in his element. "Well, I'll give five!" he shouted, excitedly, flourishing a crisp Bank of England note.

"Ten to one it's a flash 'un," sneered the fellow in the armchair. "Pass it round, old chap." And there came a general laugh.

The landlady held it up to the light. "You're wrong," said she, tranquilly, "it's a good 'un right enough."

Jim banged his fist on the table. "Then I'm dashed if I wouldn't take it, Mary," said he, getting up from his seat.

The landlady hesitated but for a moment, then smiled benignantly upon us all. "Well, as the gentleman's so very pressing," she murmured, ingenuously, "yes, I think I'll let him have it after all"; and she slowly and deliberately folded up the note into her purse.

A dead silence fell upon the room. Arlow's face was a study. He made all sorts of grimaces, nods and winks, before it dawned upon him that the woman simply wouldn't see them. Then he wildly protested the whole thing was a joke, and point-blank demanded his money back.

"I beg to differ," said Jim, sharply. "It was a fair offer, and I won't have my sister-in-law fooled by all the fat men in creation. But I'll tell you what I'll do, if you like," he ended, amicably.

"Well?" growled Arlow, holding himself in.

"I'll wrap it up in paper so's you shouldn't damage it going along," said he.

I never dreamed Arlow could cut up so rough. He stormed—blustered—moved towards the other threateningly. This one only smiled, but Billy rushed forward and dragged his friend away.

"For 'Eaven's sake, leave the chap alone," he whispered. "'E's the chucker-out at the 'Ippodrome."

Arlow went off without saying "Good-bye." The picture was duly handed to him, but with a curse he dashed his foot through it and rushed out.

I too didn't stop long. I had to catch my train.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii of cover.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR.

A Library of Musical Instructions by Eminent Specialists.

First Payment, 1/6 only.

The aim of "The Musical Educator" is to supply, in compact and interesting form, a complete and systematic musical education.

We would especially draw attention to the following features, the practical value of which will be apparent to all students and professors of music and singing.

The Piano and How to Play It. By Mark Hambourg.

The Art of Organ-playing. By Edwin H. Lemare.

The Teaching of Singing. By Mdme. Marchesi.

On Playing the Violin. By John Dunn.

The Art of Conducting. By Dr. F. H. Cowen.

The names of a few of the other sections are appended. Every branch of Musical Culture is dealt with by an expert.

Course on Voice Training, Singing, and Solfeggio. Course on the Pianoforte. Course on the Violin. (By Wm. Daly. Positions illustrated by Diagrams and Photographs specially made for this work.) Course on Harmonium and American Organ. Course on the Organ. Lessons on Scientific Basis of Music. Lessons on Rudiments of Music. Course on Harmony and Counterpoint. Lessons in Canon and Fugue. Lessons in Musical Forms, Musical Analysis and Composition. Dictionary of Musical Terms. Articles on the Instruments used in Orchestras and in Military Bands. History of Music. Biographical Dictionary of Musicians. Articles on Children's Music and Musical Drill. Article on Choir Training and Conducting. Article on Congregational Music. Article on Musical Degrees and Education. Article on Nationality in Music.

The "Musical Educator" is profusely illustrated by numerous text cuts showing instruments, proper position for playing, etc., and containing 75 rare photogravure portraits of famous composers, singers, and instrumentalists, 5 exquisite reproductions of great musical pictures, and 8 splendid portraits of modern musicians.

Sir J. Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., Organist at Westminster Abbey:

"The 'Musical Educator' is full of useful information plainly set forth. The musical illustrations are excellent."

FREE INQUIRY FORM.

TO THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, illustrated prospectus of "The Musical Educator," and particulars of your plan by which the five volumes are delivered for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

Name .....
(Send this form or a postcard mentioning "John Bull.")

Address .....

.....

THE MODERN PHYSICIAN.

By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

A work that justifies its claim to be a complete guide to the attainment and preservation of health—as well as a practical teacher of the nature and symptoms of all diseases—is a work to be hailed as a household friend. Such a book is "The Modern Physician," by Dr. Andrew Wilson.

"First Aid" Work.

A considerable amount of space is devoted to the teaching of "First Aid" or Ambulance Work, one of the most important movements of modern times, whereby members of the trained public are made capable of rendering efficient assistance to persons who have suffered from accidents of various kinds.

The Book for the Home.

The section devoted to Hygiene, otherwise known as preventive medicine, includes the full exposition of the laws of health, and special attention is devoted to physical culture.

Descriptions of every part of the frame will be found in "The Modern Physician," the skeleton muscles, digestive system, heart and lungs, brain and nervous system, organs of sense, skin, kidneys, etc., etc., being fully explained and illustrated.

In this connection the coloured "mannikins" or "dummies," in which the various organs overlap each other precisely as they do in the human body, are very useful in making the reading matter clear.

The section devoted to "The Family Medicine Chest" gives the description, uses and doses of drugs, as drops, lotions, ointments and gargles.

The section dealing with cooking for Invalids gives a complete collection of valuable recipes.

Volume V. deals entirely with the Health and Diseases of Women. It will be found useful to mothers who wish their daughters to grow up into healthy women. Midwifery and the diseases of infants and children are fully treated.

It is safe to say that in a large household embracing human items of every age or sex, the point of doubt or difficulty, the unexpected accident or emergency, could not arise that could not be immediately and satisfactorily dealt with, with this splendidly practical work at hand. It saves its cost before it has been in use for a month.

Two Opinions.

Mr. Wm. Webb, 192, Queensland Street, Liverpool:

"'The Modern Physician ought to be in every household in the land, if I certainly no fault of yours should it not be so, for the price at which it is published is reasonable, and the terms of subscription exceptionally easy."

Mr. A. H. Hart, 13, Canbury Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames:

"Three things especially impress me. Its up-to date character, the simplicity of the language used, and its practical value. It is creditable alike to editor and publisher. I am proud to possess such a work."

A FREE BOOKLET.

TO THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, illustrated booklet on "The Modern Physician," and particulars of your plan whereby the five volumes are delivered for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

Name.....
(Send this form or a postcard, mentioning "John Bull.")

Address.....

.....

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.

A REMARKABLE BOOK.

Efficiency is the note of the day in the business world, and in the Business Encyclopædia the practical man will find the means to this end.

For the Young Man.

The Business Encyclopædia is indispensable to the young man. All contrary opinions notwithstanding, the financial prospects for well-informed men were never so good as they are now. But the young man who rises is the one who, as well as having every detail of his work at his fingers' ends, is always a point ahead. In the Business Encyclopædia the ambitious man will find every detail relating to the hundreds of matters on which he wishes to inform himself in order to increase his value in the commercial market.

To the Mature Business Man

the Business Encyclopædia will prove equally valuable. With this work beside him, the most diffident man may acquire confidence in his own capability, and proceeding to put his ideas into practice, may make of his business life a sure success. The man who wants to succeed in business must have specialised business knowledge.

The Business Encyclopædia supplied a want that was becoming acute in the Business World. There is no other work published on similar lines. It is indispensable to the man who means to succeed, whether as clerk, cashier, shopkeeper, tradesman, accountant, or manager of a business, great or small.

Every article is a Business article, and when it is pointed out that there are 12,000 references in the index, it will be obvious that every detail connected with Business is dealt with, and that all matters in question can be turned up with extraordinary facility.

Three Opinions.

1. Sir Thomas Dewar:

"The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure that they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house. Now that we see the 'Encyclopædia' the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

2. A Tradesman's Opinion:

Messrs. W. Millwood and Son, Drapery and Grocery Stores, Swansea: "There is no doubt that the 'Business Encyclopædia' is the best work of its class yet produced. Every item in it is most valuable, and it is arranged in the simplest possible manner. No business man can afford to be without it in these days of keen competition."

3. A Clerk's Opinion:

Mr. G. W. Read, Clerk, Fortnam Road, London, N.: "I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

A FREE BOOK.

We have prepared a handsomely illustrated book "The Practical Book," which will be sent to you free of charge, and which will show you how necessary the "Business Encyclopædia;" is to your success. It includes valuable Specimen Plates and Facsimiles of Useful Business Documents. And it will tell you how to obtain the "Business Encyclopædia" for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

TO THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "THE PRACTICAL BOOK."

NAME.....

Send this form or a postcard mentioning a "John Bull.")

Address .....

.....

"A NATION ON THE KNEE."

LORD ESHER'S LATEST ESCAPADE.

By A. E. D.

England has surely come to a pretty pass when it has to crawl on its hands and knees to a halfpenny paper and ask it to find an army for home defence. It must not be forgotten that the King summoned the faithful Lords-Lieutenant of his counties to Buckingham Palace, and there and then charged them to find this Territorial Force which was to be an integral part of "My Imperial Army." Apparently the faithful Lords-Lieutenant have failed in their duty. Mr. Haldane, the Minister responsible for the scheme, has worked, as no War Minister has ever worked, for its success; he has harped on the string of patriotism till it had a monotonous sound, but, apparently, the country was not responsive. In this emergency—in a dark hour, when the prestige of England was seriously threatened, when King Edward had failed, when his Ministers were beaten—our thoughts should be full of thankfulness that we have the *Daily Mail* left.

What foreigners must think of us it is not desirable to imagine. The spectacle of the mighty British nation on the knee before the weathercock of Carmelite House must be a humorous sight. For those of us who have any sanity and wisdom left, the present position of the country is heartbreaking. We have all been tolerant with Lord Esher and his vagaries in the past. We looked on in surprise when he "reconstructed" the War Office by sacking Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army; Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, Inspector of Auxiliary Forces, and a few others. We simply smiled when he fell foul of the German Emperor, and was told to stick to drain-pipes and not meddle with naval matters. But we can afford to smile no longer. That little affair with the Kaiser brought us to the verge of war with Germany. This last escapade has in it the germs of national ruin.

Who is Lord Esher? The question is often asked, and as often left unanswered. The two chief posts he holds are those of Deputy-Governor of Windsor Castle, and Chairman of the London County Territorial Association. The Deputy-Governorship gives him the continual ear of the Sovereign, and the chairmanship provides a direction for the free scope of his autocratic will. He has been described as the "Power Behind the Throne"—a title that has descended from the days when he was the confidant of Queen Victoria. So much for the man. Now a little as to the possible outcome of his latest folly.

If the County of London Association accept the £10,000 offered by the *Daily Mail*—we beg pardon—by "an anonymous donor" through the *Daily Mail*—to be spent upon benefits for its particular Territorials, the way will be opened for many abuses. First and foremost, recruiting for the Regular Army will be killed absolutely. A young fellow cannot be expected to bind himself to the hard monotony of three, seven, or twelve years barrack life when, if he must soldier, here is a chance of doing so at less inconvenience, and at much greater profit. The idea must spread. There are other districts able to find £20,000, or £30,000, and no one knows where it is going to end. The poison is working already. Recruiting for the Special Reserve, the successor of the Militia, has been dead in London for a fortnight. This is a most serious matter, and calls for the immediate attention of the Government. We are not at all sure that this cheque does not almost come within the provisions of the "Illicit Commissions Act," and one's hair rises in horror at the worth of a Home Defence Army recruited by such means.

Better by half admit right out that the voluntary system has failed. Of the 210,000 or so who have joined the Territorials the great majority are one-year men who may leave on March 31st next. As an instance of the 1,009 who now fill the establishment of the London Scottish, of which so much has been made lately, no fewer than 600 are one-year men! The inference is patent to all. The nation is ripe for compulsory military service of some kind. Jones will no longer go to Bisley or Runemede on Saturday afternoon to practise musketry for the purpose of repelling the invader while Smith, his next-door neighbour, spends his time watching football. And Lord Esher, though the reputed father of the Territorial Scheme, and therefore to some extent to be forgiven for moving heaven and earth in an endeavour to preserve his bantling, can no more stop the tide than did King Canute of old.

EVERY : PIPE : SMOKER : OF EXPERIENCE knows that the tobacco he wants must have these three qualities—*coolness, aroma,* and that subtle property one terms *flavour,* for lack of a better description. Otherwise it will not do. Of the three, *coolness* is least often found. Yet it is essential, for a man cannot burn his tongue and please his palate. In

Chairman

the three are found in combination. It is a fine mixture that yields a lasting pleasure to the votary of the pipe—always fragrant, always pleasing, cool to the last shred.

It is of medium strength and suits most men's requirements.

Boardman's

is the same tobacco milder, and

Recorder

the same but fuller flavoured.

Sold by tobacconists at 5½d. per oz., and in quarter and half-pound tins.

In case of difficulty write to—

R. J. LEA, Manchester.

U4

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XXXIV.

TO PRISON FOR A BIT OF COAL.

It was a raw cold night in February as the 5.30 south train drew up at a Tyneside platform with its crowded load of tired workers returning to their homes and families. The doors flew open discharging a hurrying mass of human beings, chiefly men and boys, and the vacant seats were for the most part as quickly filled by a second miscellaneous selection of human units making homewards. The doors were banged to as only railway servants can bang them, the whistle sounded, and we were just settling ourselves to read the evening paper, or gaze stolidly at one another, when, as the carriage creaked on the start, our door was hurriedly opened, and three human beings were bundled in, and subsided into the only two vacant seats.

One was a police constable, young, sturdy, and fresh-coloured, with a round good-natured face; and the other two were respectively a woman and a baby, the latter probably three months old.

She was thin—aye, it seemed hardly possible that a living, active person could be so thin. Her clothing—an old battered hat, a dress, and a shawl (there was little else)—was of that utterly nondescript colour that all human garments seem to assume that have come to the very last stage of a prolonged existence, and was worn to the thinness of fine silk, but there were neither rags nor dirt, only a kind of intensely shabby neatness.

In age she might be 35 or even 55—God knows—for in the terrible expression of that knife-like face and wild eyes there was engraved every experience of life but joy. It was utterly devoid of hope.

Station after station was passed, and she sat motionless in the same position, her eyes moving restlessly from person to person, and occasionally turning for an instant to the child. There was no appeal in the glance nor any form of resentment. It was the look of a persecuted stray dog or cat, or a trapped harmless wild creature.

The child was clean, pretty and attractive, precocious beyond its age (like many children of the very poor) and well nourished.

A big burly man (probably a bookmaker) raised his hand and chuckled to the child. It crowed back at him with staring eyes. The woman glanced quickly, almost suspiciously, from him to the child and back again; but there was no mother's smile, only her grasp tightened a little.

A kindly-faced woman patted the infant and asked, "Is the little one going far?"

"He's going to Durham Gaol wi' me for seven days," was the answer; the voice dry and devoid alike of shame or any other sentiment.

"I am very sorry to hear that," said the questioner, in an altered tone. "What is the cause of your trouble?"

"Stealin' a bit o' coal," answered the passionless voice.

The officer leaned forward, and said:

"She's not a wrong 'un, not a regular hand. If there'd been anything in the house she'd never have lifted the bit of coal. She's no regular bad 'un."

"Have you any other children?" asked the lady.

"Four, forbye this," came the lifeless answer.

The woman clutched her infant to her wasted bosom, and drew the old shawl tightly round it, watching the officer meanwhile like a dumb animal.

A peculiar look came into the face of the big red-faced man as he drew out some silver coins.

"Here, Honey, get the bairns and yourself something to eat when you come out."

The sympathetic lady's eyes glistened as she pressed some money into the poor bony hand.

Other hands reached forward with small coins as the genuine wave of sympathy surged through the small community, but the object of their interest remained silent as her hands closed mechanically on the coins.

The train drew up with a jerk and we rose.

The big man opened the door, and the policeman leaned confidently towards me:

"Her man's left her, and she's bin starvin'. That and the bairns pullin' at her's brought her to this."

We jostled through the incoming crowd, and the last I saw of the "prisoner" was a poor wasted form gliding silently after the burly figure of the constable towards the hearse-like prison-van, "Black Maria," the baby looking over her shoulders sucking its hand.

FINCHALE.

SOMERVILLE'S Scotch WHISKIES

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

These Whiskies are the very finest that Scotland produces.

Whisky to be good must be old. Why accept vague or indefinite statements as to age? We absolutely guarantee **every drop** of our Whisky to be more than the age stated in this advertisement.

	3 Bottles.	
15 Years Old...	13/6	Post Free.
10 Years Old...	11/-	
6 Years Old...	9/6	

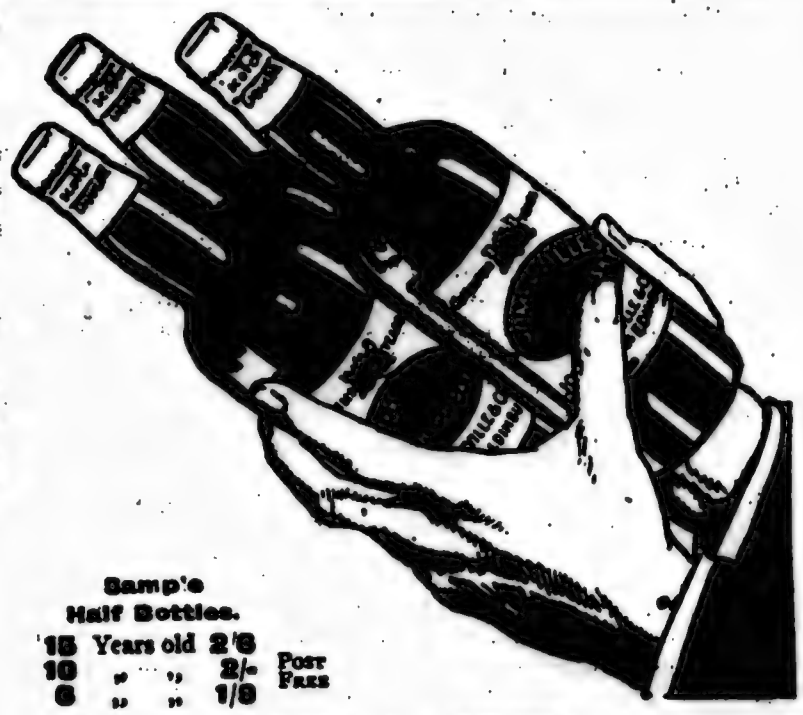
Carriage Paid to nearest Railway Station.

	6 Bottles.	12 Bottles.	In Jars of 4 & 6 Gals.	In Casks of 6 Gals. & upwards.
15 Years Old	26/6	52/-	25/6 per Gal.	25/- per Gal.
10 Years Old	21/6	42/-	20/6 "	20/- "
6 Years Old	18/6	36/-	17/6 "	17/- "

PACKING FREE.

Special Terms for Exportation and to Large Buyers.

JOHN SOMERVILLE & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.
(ESTABLISHED 1826.)



Sample Half Bottles.

15 Years old	2/6	Post Free
10 " "	2/-	
6 " "	1/6	

SPECIAL OFFER ORDER FORM.

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance, value ..... for which please send me .....gals. .....bots. of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed ..... Years Old Scotch Whisky, on condition that if it is not the finest whisky I have ever tasted (price considered) I am at liberty to return it and you will refund my money.

J.B. 27/2/09.

Name.....

Address .....

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Rev. F. C. Spurr, Maze Pond Chapel, Old Kent Road, London.

Dear Brother,—I made a sporting wager the other day that your packing was well forward. I now notice that having prayed for light you are off on the 8th April next to the wider sphere and larger salary of the Collins Street Baptist Church in Melbourne. In your announcement to the elders and deacons at Maze Pond you say that you hope to do the great work of your life there. It seems a long way to go in order to do it, but I wish you *bon voyage*, hoping that the salary may be considerably larger than you suppose, even if it does not quite reach £40 a week. Perhaps you will send me a line stating the exact amount when you are more familiar with the cash box.

John Bull.

To Miss Muriel Matters, Suffragette, Women's Freedom League, London.

My Dear Muriel,—How do you like being up in a balloon? Wonder what you will be up to *next?* Never saw such a girl for skylarking in *all* my life. Last time I heard of you, you had chained yourself to the grille in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons and had to be filed off. When next I hear of you I suppose you will have glued yourself to a policeman.

Why *didn't* you write and tell me, dear, that you were going up in a balloon at the opening of Parliament in furtherance of the noble cause? Then I would have fetched your mother to come and whip you for being naughty. Was it *really* your intention to anchor on the top of the Clock Tower and address legislators and others on the earth beneath through a megaphone? The wind was in the wrong quarter, anyhow, and I am told you landed about fifteen miles away from that lofty example of British architecture—at Coulsdon in Surrey, to wit. I can quite believe what you say, my dear, that your voyage in that balloon was like nothing on earth, and I don't doubt you'll be presently confessing that there were moments when you felt it was like nothing in heaven either.

But really, Muriel dear, doesn't it strike you that such fantastic ideas of advertising yourself and the dear sisters strike other people as rather silly? Votes for women will not come a day sooner because you go up in a balloon, or even because you go down in a coal mine. *Do* exercise a little restraint, my dear. Why don't you all go and get married? I can assure you that marriage is a much more interesting and varied entertainment than you are having now, especially for the long winter evenings. Marry an M.P. and see that he votes straight on the big question.

John Bull.

To Lord George Hamilton, Carlton Club, London.

Dear Lord George,—There is one little recommendation in the brilliant and exhaustive report of the Poor Law Commission over which you presided which will probably be regarded with mixed feelings by those likely to be affected by it if carried into legislation. I refer to the recommendation that a man should be made liable to contribute to the support of his grandparents. It is true that we all owe a debt of gratitude to our grandparents in the respect that if it had not been for their labours we should not be here. But these be hard times. We all have to make a bit, keep a bit, and owe a bit; and surely it will be rather hard on a working man if he is to be mulcted not only on behalf of his father and mother, but on behalf of his grandfather and grandmother as well. For this reason I fear I shall be unable to give any such proposal, if made in Parliament, my distinguished patronage or support.

John Bull.

To the Rev. J. H. Jowett, Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham.

Dear J. H.,—You got hold of some really pretty ideas in that sermon of yours in the Mission Hall the other day. "If," you said among other things, "we had only the right kind of eyes we could see the Divine halo upon everything"—not only upon the parson but upon the grocer, not only upon the crozier, but upon the spade. I think perhaps you are right. We do not all notice the good purpose and high aim in the little things about us, and the humble people who go through the world doing the best that is in them, unknown, unsung, and unregarded.

I own that I would rather see a man going about in his ordinary hat than in a halo which doesn't fit. I know lots of people, as no doubt you do, who wear a lovely shining 7¼ inch halo for their 6¾-inch heads all day Sundays, and hang it up in the hall or the coal cellar all the rest of the week. I don't take much stock of haloes of that kind, for I know that, being spurious imitations of the genuine article, they will not stand the weather. However, I'll have another word with you about the halo business when I know more of it.

Considered as a general line, I may say, for the moment, that they seem to me very high class goods for which there is no very steady demand. The women as a whole prefer to get their headgear from Paris, and the men don't care a button where they get theirs from. Of course you are better up in these matters than I am, and if you care to quote a reasonable price for a real elegant halo to suit Mrs. Bull, I shall be glad to hear from you.

John Bull.

To General Booth, en route for Scandinavia.

Dear General,—First, congratulations on your recovery, and ability to travel; in point of energy you are one of the wonders of the age. "Self-denial" week is coming round, and you have left a message to your people to the effect that while they are collecting the self-denial moneys, you will be "watching and waiting and praying"—probably in St. Petersburg. For my own part I have no doubt I shall as usual fall a victim to the appeals of some of your pretty lasses, and contribute my bit to the effort. But I do wish I could feel sure exactly how this large annual collection is spent. If it goes in real social work—may you have a record gathering in of coin. But if it is used to defray expenses of head-quarter staff and things of that kind, the collection has small attractions for me. Mr. Manson, you know, has recently issued a cheap edition of that unsettling book of his; why *don't* you reply?

John Bull.

To Mr. W. H. Taft, Esq., President elect, U.S. America.

Dear Billy,—Hope you have had a bully time in Panama, recruiting the energies which the other fellows exhausted in getting you Roosevelt's job. Have just heard that on your arrival at New Orleans the boys have figgered out for you about the biggest thing in dinners ever given to anybody on your mighty continent. Creole banquet, they call it. Say it is going to surpass the most opulent feast recorded in history, so I guess you will have pearls dissolved in your wine. They promise to let a thousand people partake of that banquet with you at five guineas a head. They have already been along to the chef and fixed up what they call "the features of the gorgeous menu," ordered alligator steak and rattlesnake pie. Got a score of smacks engaged in catching the fish. Own up to having 10,000 oysters "as big as dinner-plates" fattening up at the mouth of the Bayou ready to meet the thin brown bread and the lemon juice. Appointed a real live Cardinal to say grace. Arranged for the hall to be darkened, café brulot to be served in a thousand silver bowls, the cognac lighted at a given signal, and the coffee, rich with the aroma of spices, stirred with long silver ladles by darkies singing Creole songs. Obviously there will be a hot time down town that night, but you can rely on my best wishes in the trouble before you. Whatever happens, Billy, be a hero in the strife, even if you have to ask the policeman to oblige by putting your keyhole in the right place for your latchkey when you reach home. Do not let it be said that an American President-elect shirks his duty. I look to you to go through it from oysters to coffee—in the name of the great American people.

John Bull.

Gibson Bowles, Glasgow.

Note your statement that Liberal Party allows perfect freedom of thought and action to its members. Quite right. For further information apply to my office.

Bull.

Public Trustee, Clement's Inn.

Just received your first Report. Congratulations. Lost only a few thousands. Quite a record for a Public Department. Will write later.

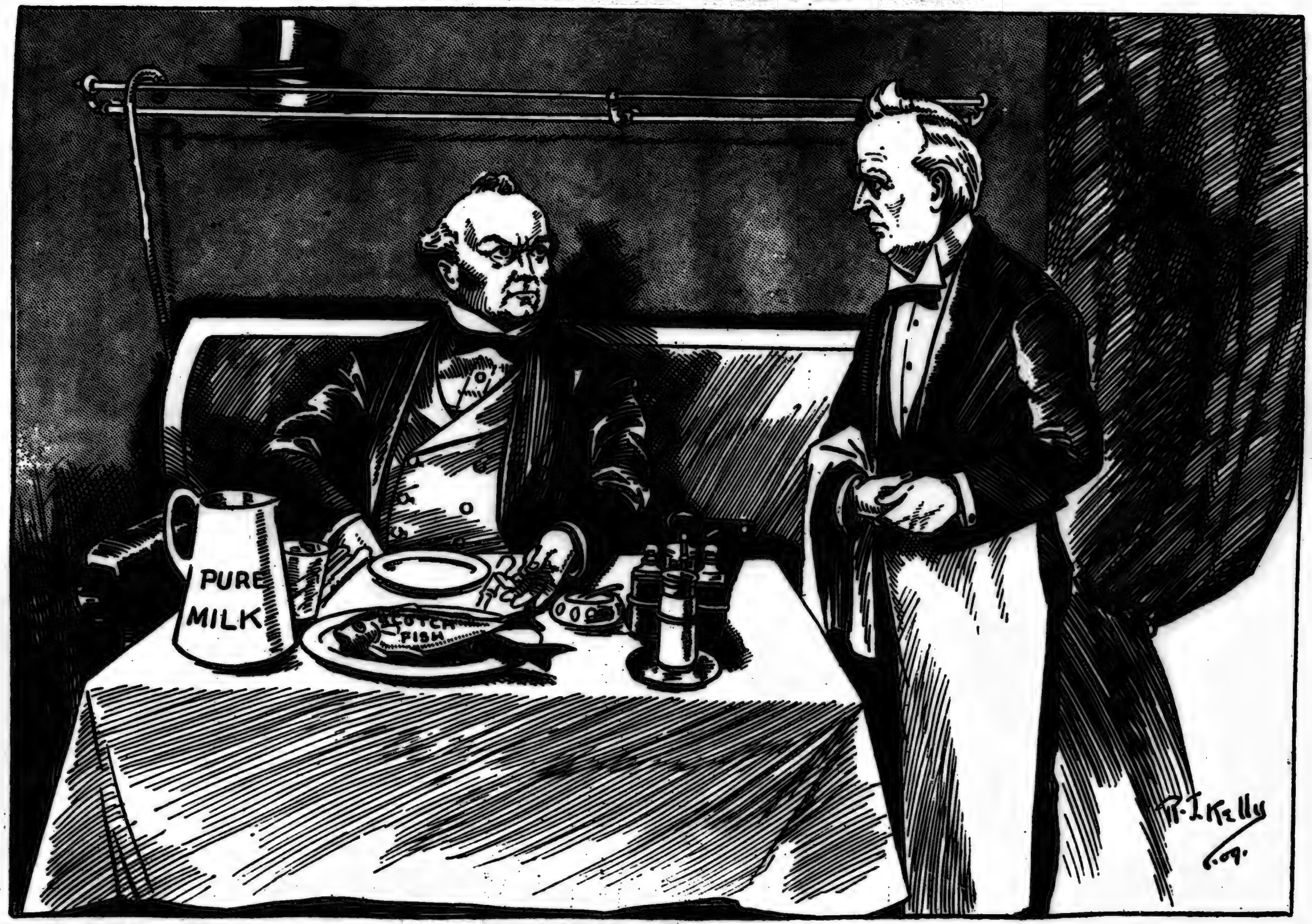
Bull.

Vanoc, c/o "Referee."

Glad to see you taking up my Dormant Bank Balances Bill. How the bankers "spoofed" Lloyd George!

Bull.

PURE MILK AND SCOTCH FISH!



JOHN BULL: "Here, waiter, do you call this proper food for a healthy man?"
WAITER ASQUITH: "Well, sir, some of our customers complain that our food in general is too rich, and besides, sir, it's Lent."

IN THE CITY.

THE BIRKBECK BANK.

We have received several enquiries from various parts of the country during the last two or three weeks respecting the Birkbeck Bank. As our readers know, we have the highest possible opinion of the financial strength, and conservative management, of that great institution. Our enquiries lead us to conclude that these rumours are due to certain recent litigation of a personal character which has now been satisfactorily disposed of.

The great financial strength of this bank may be indicated in a few lines, and having regard to the malignant, but withal ridiculous rumours referred to above, it may be useful to give them.

The gross profits of the Birkbeck Bank for the year ended March 31st, 1908, amounted to £371,276. Out of this sum £279,030 was distributed amongst members and depositors as interest.

The liability on current and deposit accounts is £10,215,366. The assets amount to £11,705,401, and are made up as follows :—

	£
Cash, Money at Call, Short Loans, &c...	1,917,813
Investments	8,255,747
Other Assets..	1,531,841
Total	11,705,401

BANK SALARIES.

We have before us the report of an enquiry held a few days ago into the circumstances attending the death of a bank manager. The unhappy man was found by a servant sitting dead in a chair at his residence, and it was made clear at the coroner's inquest that he had taken moneys belonging to the bank. It was not stated in evidence, but we happen to know, that this gentleman—a man of hitherto unblemished character—was drawing a salary of a little over £200 a year. He had a wife and family, and although many good men keep the pot boiling upon £200 a year, it is not surprising, however regrettable it may be, that a bank manager in a provincial town failed to do so.

We are told of another bank manager, who, after being in that position about fifteen years, is getting only £285. He has a young family and is paying heavy interest on borrowed money. It requires no great power of divination to know what his end will be unless luck comes to his aid, and, somehow, luck generally tarries in such cases.

The gentlemen we have named served and serves a very well known bank. We put it to the directors of that bank, and all others, whether revision of salaries is not a crying necessity, even though it should involve some slight diminution in the handsome dividends paid to proprietors—in this particular case 18 per cent.

DUSTABATERS, LIMITED.

The prospectus of this company was put before the public on November 13th, 1907, and contained among other things the following :—

> Having regard to the highly profitable nature of the work, the orders in hand, those being received, and the numerous enquiries made, the directors have every reason to believe, and are fully justified in anticipating, that a dividend of at least 20 per cent. per annum can and will be readily earned on the entire capital of the company. It may be mentioned that the company's business, lying mainly with councils, the risk of bad debts is practically nil.

The trading and profit and loss account for the year ended January 18th, 1908, showed a balance on the wrong side of £1,205 19s. 5d., and for the last year, £560 12s. 2d. To remedy this state of affairs, members are now asked to take up further shares. We fear, however, that they will prefer to keep their "dust."

THE BUENOS AYRES GRAND NATIONAL TRAMWAYS COMPANY.

We have received the following letter, which merits attention :—

> As a large preference and ordinary shareholder in the above company, I should like to say a few words about the proposed amalgamation with the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company. I consider the terms offered in exchange by the Anglo-Argentine Company for the preference and ordinary shares in the Buenos Ayres Grand National Company are most unfair, and it would be very unwise for any shareholder in the Buenos Ayres Grand National Company to accept them. Take, for instance, the 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares in the B.A. Grand National, on which dividends are regularly paid in full, and now with only a million in debentures in front of us. It is proposed by the scheme to give us in exchange, share for share, Third Preference shares in the Anglo-Argentine Company, with £10,000,000 in front of us ranking for dividend in debentures and shares. Does it not seem absurd to think any shareholder in the B.A. Grand National could dream of such an exchange? The Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company have looked very well after their own shareholders, if one would for a moment study the changes which have taken place in their share capital and the proposed splitting of the present Second Preference shares.

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC TRADING COMPANY.

With reference to our paragraph respecting this Company in our issue of February 13th, we have received the following letter from the Secretary of the Company, Mr. J. Osborne Phillips, who writes from 4, Cullum Street, E.C. :—

> My attention has been called to a paragraph appearing in your issue of the 13th inst., referring to this company, which contains some statements which are not quite accurate.
>
> The company's ship *Pandora* sailed on Friday last, the 12th inst., for the islands forming the Tristan da Cunha group, in respect of which the company holds the exclusive right to get guano and to kill seals. The expedition is in charge of Mr. W. Harold Vipan, as managing director of the company, and Captain John E. Fisher as sailing master. Mr. Kerry is not accompanying the expedition, nor did he ever intend doing so.
>
> I feel sure you will publish this letter in your next issue, as the paragraph to which I have referred, if correct, would be misleading.

We are a little puzzled to know how, if our paragraph was correct, it could be misleading, but we willingly give Mr. Phillips' explanation, and repeat our hope that the necessary proof may be forthcoming that Tristan da Cunha and the neighbouring islands have deposits of guano of commercial value.

PROTECTION IN THE COTTON TRADE.

The following observations of Sir F. Cawley, M.P., upon Protection and the Cotton Trade may well be commended to the electors of the United Kingdom :—

> We are (he said) kings of the cotton trade in this country. We have a unique position, and all the nations of the earth are envious of the cotton trade in Lancashire. If anything interferes with the supremacy of the East it would be the ruin of Lancashire. If Protection ever comes it will be a disastrous thing for this country, but it will be trebly a disastrous thing for Lancashire. I have too much belief in the intelligence of Lancashire people to think they will change the present system, and having myself been in business a very great many years, I thoroughly believe that the commencement of a Protectionist system in this country will be the commencement of the ruin of Lancashire. We are asked to jeopardise sixty million pounds worth of trade per annum with foreign markets for the sake of getting one-tenth of the fifteen million pounds' worth in the colonies. It is an absurd proposition to put before intelligent people. Four-fifths of the cotton produced in this country goes to neutral markets, but if Protection comes—and I do not think it will—it will mean that we should not be able to sell our manufactured yarns and cloth as cheaply as we are able to do now in foreign markets. It would mean that everything in the cotton mills would have to be taxed—I do not include raw cotton, because that is not likely to be taxed—and cotton mills would cost a great deal more. We are asked to adopt Protection, which would place in jeopardy the great trade in which this country is supreme, and adopt that of beaten rivals. That will not do for British people.
>
> A spindle in England costs 25s., but in France it is 10s. more, in Germany 13s. more, while in the United States the cost is double the cost it is in England. The trade in the East is carried on on a very small margin of profit, and if Germany and the United States were able to produce at slightly under the price of Lancashire—a thing they would be eager to do—Lancashire's trade would vanish.

BOVRIL, LIMITED.

We have received the twelfth annual report of Bovril, Ltd., which covers the twelve months to the 31st December last, and shows a net profit upon the year's working of £120,314 9s. 10d. When provision has been made for the full dividend of the 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares and the 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary shares and a dividend of 2 per cent. on the Deferred shares, an amount remains to be carried forward of £14,669 3s. 7d., as compared with £11,854 13s. 9d. last year. The sales of Bovril, Ltd., in the United Kingdom show an increase for 1908 as compared with those of the previous year, but the net profits are only slightly better owing to a very considerable rise in the cost of raw material. The directors

hope much from the formation of the Argentine Estates of Bovril, Ltd., which has taken over a large group of well managed "Estancias," and two meat factories. Fiscal alterations and the American financial disturbance hindered foreign and colonial trade to some extent, nor have the directors been successful in securing a reduction of the tariff charges in Australia and South Africa. We notice that goodwill, trade marks and patent rights, freehold and leasehold property, and holdings in Virol, Ltd. and Food Specialist, Ltd., stand at £2,503,926 17s. 11d.

THE 'BUS COMBINE.

It was hoped, and even expected by some, that after the amalgamation of omnibus interests recently effected we should see a change in rates that would leave a fair margin of profit. Instead, a number of fares are to be again reduced. It seems a very foolish policy to run vehicles for the public use upon conditions which make a reasonable profit impossible.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—W. H. P. (Birmingham).—We certainly think they ought to hand over the bond if you are prepared to pay the remaining instalments.

BIRKBECK BANK.—T. R. G. (Regent's Park).—The rumours to which you refer, if, as you say, they are current, are malignant and baseless.

BONDHOLDERS' REGISTER.—H. M. (Eccles).—It can be got from any newsagent. J. H. (Andersham).—Ditto. M. P. (Douglas).—Ditto.

VALUE OF BOND.—R. W. (Wolverhampton).—City of Brussels Bonds (1903) are quoted at about £4 8s.

LITVIN AND COMPANY.—A. W. (Glasgow).—We cannot advise you to accept the offer.

TARQUERET AND COMPANY.—HOMO (Leicester).—These people have been preying upon the public for many years past.

J. I. THORNICROFT AND COMPANY.—CONSTANT READER (Farnham).—(1) Yes, we think the ordinary shares of this company worth buying at their present price. The change to the Clyde has been very beneficial to the company. (2) We cannot advise you to purchase Spiers and Pond ordinary even at 2s. 3d.

CREDIT INDEX COMPANY.—E. AND O. E. (South Norwood).—We are obliged to you for the extract from the "Police Reports" of the morning newspaper having reference to Gustav Wiesner and his defrauding the Metropolitan District Railway Company in the matter of fares.

BRITISH COALITE COMPANY.—TRUSTFUL (Blackheath).—(1) The shares represent a very speculative purchase. (2) As to whether your friend still holds the shares bought on your behalf, it is, of course, impossible for us to say, but you can ascertain whether they are in his name by consulting the register. We need hardly point out to you that you took a very unusual course when you deputed a friend to buy shares for you, allowed him to keep them in his own name, and did not take steps to secure yourself for a long time after the purchase, and until the friend had disappeared.

KAFFIR CONSOLS.—CRASIS (Blackpool).—We have your letter, and return you the letter from the company. It is much what you might have expected. We see no reason to modify what we have said on the subject.

THE BRITISH GENERAL INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—S. N. (South Shields).—We should prefer another selection, but we cannot recommend any company for the purpose you indicate.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.—E. J. H. (Ealing).—Safe, yes. It is one of the leading banks of the country. But you should bear in mind that there is a heavy liability, in the form of uncalled capital, upon your shares, and, although it is very unlikely that a call will be made, the possibility of it makes bank shares of the kind an unsuitable investment for persons of small means.

ORIENTAL CAFES, LIMITED.—S. (Brixton).—It is the same company. If you can get rid of your shares, we should advise you to do so.

STATUS OF BANK.—A. L. (Catford).—We do not think you would be running any risk in depositing your £200 with the bank you name.

MARGINAL SYSTEM.—W. J. (Neath).—The answer to your question is in the affirmative. We strongly advise you to have nothing to do with "marginal" or other systems.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.—G. N. R.—You may rely upon it that the company is not acting *ultra vires*.

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE RAILWAY STOCK.—NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE (London).—We think it would be a sound investment.

BANK A. TOROK AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—W. F. H. (Darlington).—Better have nothing to do with them.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—A. S. B. (London).—The association has been established many years, and is financially strong, but, if you decide to take up a thirty-year bond, we advise you to master the conditions before doing so. We do not much like these very long dated bonds. E. D. (Crewe).—Ditto.

UNITED SENDANG (SUMATRA) RUBBER SHARES.—YOUNG BULL (Reading).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

THE JACKSON DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.—A. E. B. (Harlesden).—We think not.

JAPANESE AND EASTERN CORPORATION.—A READER.—We do not know what we can say about the report, except that the heavy loss shown must be very unsatisfactory to shareholders, more especially as there are no very clear indications of recovery in the current year.

PREMIUM BONDS.—J. H. (North Berwick).—Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., would give you the information you require.

TWO COPPER SHARES.—G. E. (Dundee).—We should hold both for the present.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—SAVINGS (Aberdeen).—All we meant to say was that we should prefer the Birkbeck Bank to the other institution you named, for the purpose of deposits.

LOCAL LOANS.—D. T. (Putney).—There can, of course, be no guarantee against loss. Like other securities, the quotation goes up and down, but, with this class of stock, the variation is very slight.

DIAMOND SHARES.—M. R. R. (Haverstock Hill).—You made an unfortunate selection, and we see little likelihood of improvement in the price of your shares.

HARANKA MINES.—S. V. (Manchester).—We note that you think these shares likely to go "up to £5 or £6." We do not share your anticipation.

BRITISH HOMES HOUSE PURCHASE CERTIFICATE.—W. C. A. (Highbury).—We should continue the payments.

CONGO BOND.—E. S. (Liverpool).—There would be no difficulty in selling the bond, but, as to its being worth about £8, you have been misled. The current price is somewhere about £3 10s.

SWINDON RAILWAY.—C. B. (Southsea).—The answer is in the negative.

LIST OF SHAREHOLDERS.—PLANTFOX.—You can get it from Somerset House, if you pay for it, or direct from the Company.

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—REX (Llanrhaiadr).—We cannot recommend it. H. C. S. (Aberdare).—Ditto.

R. A. SMITH AND COMPANY.—SCILLONIDES (St. Mary's Isle, Scilly).—It is a firm of the cover-snatching class. We do not recommend brokers.

PREMIUM BONDS.—S. T. (Cardiff).—(1) The failure of the London and Paris Exchange does not affect you in any way as holder of bonds. (2) Have nothing to do with the people who you say have been circularising you. (3) The "Bondholders' Register" would give you the information you want. H. M. B. (Harringay).—Ditto.

RAILWAY SHAREHOLDERS.—W. H. M. (Covent Garden).—You can get them upon payment of the legal fee either at Somerset House or at the offices of the company.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—READER OF JOHN BULL (Hamburg).—We think these people would treat you fairly, also that any Stock Exchange gambling would end in your loss. OXON (Oxford).—Your young friend is a fool. Tell him to have nothing to do with the people you name unless he wants to lose his money.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—A. M. (Guildford).—We do not recommend institutions that offer such a high rate of interest.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—CAUTION (Willesden).—The answer is in the negative.

LORD ARMSTRONG'S BANKRUPTCY.—C. H. S. D. (Sunderland).—We have no information as to whether the first dividend has been paid.

SALE OF DEBENTURES.—F. T. (Glasgow).—You can only do it by private negotiation.

SYNOLOIDS, LIMITED.—CURLEY (Croydon).—We need hardly advise you not to accept the offer of the Central and City Press.

CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK.—MUSICUS (Ventor).—(1) You are giving yourself very unnecessary uneasiness. This bank is in the front rank of banking institutions, and your investment is a very sound one. But you will, of course, bear in mind the heavy uncalled liability, although there is no likelihood of any call being made. (2) We advise you to hold your Lyons' shares.

THE WESTMINSTER SICK AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—S. C. (Walthamstow).—We know of nothing to its discredit.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—L. S. C. (St. James).—Having regard to the present unsettled condition of the Company, we should advise you to go elsewhere.

TWO FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.—W. A. H. (Hull).—Both societies are respectably managed, and we think you can best judge for yourself which best suits your particular requirements.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—I. H. (Stoke Newington).—We should prefer another selection. H. T. (Abercynon).—(1) It is not a company of standing. (2) Whether you may properly act as agent for some other business after you have finished your day's work must depend, of course, upon the terms of your agreement with your employer. D. C. McC. (Norwich).—We should prefer to go elsewhere.

PROVIDENT FREE HOMES INSURANCE COMPANY.—K. F. (Buxton).—Yes, it is financially sound and well managed.

GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—T. M. (Rickmansworth).—We do not think you need be under any misapprehension

THE BRITISH MUTUAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—F. B. (Willesden Green).—We do not.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.—W. M. N. (Weymouth).—Yes, an excellent office. The expense ratio is a good deal higher than is usual in this country, but this is counterbalanced to a large extent by the higher interest yield obtained.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—A. T. (Manchester).—We have no reason to doubt it. ATLAS (Wood Green).—Yes, quite.

PLANET FRIENDLY ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—ANXIOUS (Lozells).—We have no information respecting it.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—POMPEY (Southsea).—You can deal with this company with the utmost confidence. It is one of the best and most attractive of English Mutual Life Offices. It is economically managed, the funds are profitably and well invested, and the incidence of mortality has always been favourable.

MODERN SICKNESS ASSOCIATION.—F. H. (Sunderland).—The answer is in the negative.

CALEDONIAN INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. C. K. (Manchester).—The company lost heavily over the San Francisco earthquake and fire, but it is one of the oldest Scottish insurance companies, and is of standing.

HEALTH AND SICKNESS ASSOCIATION.—S. R. (Swansea).—No, we do not think there was any such right. You should consult a solicitor.

LAW UNION AND CROWN INSURANCE COMPANY.—E. B. F. (Fenton).—Your uneasiness is quite uncalled for. The company's assets at the close of 1907 amounted to £3,857,139, the book value of the investments being in excess of market prices by £186,925. The issue of the debenture stock to which you refer was made in 1896, in order to provide for a portion of the heavy conflagration losses in San Francisco incurred by the company. These debentures run for 15 years, but are redeemable at the option of the company at any time after the expiry of five years at £103 per cent. of stock. It is anticipated that this issue will be redeemed long before the expiry of the term fixed, and, simultaneously with that reduction, that the sums withdrawn from the fire reserve will be replaced out of surplus profits not required for the maintenance of the dividend and the payment of interest.

PROFITS ON INCOME ASSURANCE COMPANY.—ANXIOUS (Bromley).—Your friend is misinformed.

MAJESTIC SICK AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. C. (Derby).—We note that a claim you had against this company was, as you say, paid promptly.

THE SCOTTISH SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. W. T. (Burton-on-Trent).—Yes, we think so.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—ANXIOUS (Portsmouth).—We do not see what you can do except to wait until the company can arrange matters, and meantime press them to complete the transaction. We return your papers.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—CROSSBELT (Colchester).—It is a great mutual life office and by far the largest British life assurance institution not possessing an industrial department, measured by premium income and accumulations. It has a fine bonus history, and is in the front rank of assurance companies. The bonuses it has declared have been, for the four past septennial divisions, at the very high "compound" rate of £1 14s. per cent. The original sums assured have in many cases been doubled through the reversionary additions.

WORKMEN'S AND GENERAL INSURANCE SOCIETY.—A. J. S. (Edinburgh).—The answer is in the negative.

NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—F. F. (Sheerness).—It is a successful and well-managed non-tariff fire company, transacting also burglary, accident and plate glass insurance.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

A LACONIC SUMMING UP.

The Judge of the Liverpool Court of Passage is evidently a man of few words. Here is his summing up in a recent case:—

"How much?"

That is even shorter, and a good deal more courteous, than a concluding speech of Mr. Benjamin to the jury at Guildhall, after a heavy case—

"Give us our money, and be quick about it."

MR. BENJAMIN.

Speaking of Mr. Benjamin recalls the case in which he held his maiden brief in an English Court of Justice. The case came on for hearing before Lord Justice James, then Vice-Chancellor, and it was generally thought that, as usual at the time, a decree would be made directing inquiries in chambers. The matter was being so dealt with, when Mr. Benjamin, then unknown to anyone in Court, rose from a back seat in the Court. He had not a commanding presence, and at that time had rather an uncouth appearance. He, in a stentorian voice, startled the Court by saying, "Sir, notwithstanding the somewhat off-hand and supercilious manner in which this case has been dealt with by my learned friend Sir Roundell Palmer, and to some extent acquiesced in by my learned leader Mr. Kay, if, sir, you will only listen to me—if, sir, you will only listen to me [repeating the same words three times, and on each occasion raising his voice], I pledge myself you will dismiss this suit with costs." The Vice-Chancellor and Sir Roundell Palmer, and indeed all in Court, looked at him with astonishment, but he went on without drawing rein for two or three hours. The Court became crowded, for it soon became known that there was a very unusual scene going on. In the end the Vice-Chancellor did dismiss the suit with costs, and his decision was confirmed on appeal.

COMMON EMPLOYMENT.

Lords Justices Vaughan Williams, Farwell and Kennedy, in the Court of Appeal recently, heard an appeal from a judgment of Mr. Justice Bray which affords an illustration of the operation of the doctrine of common employment. The defendants were the owners of two collieries at Blaensychan and Llanerch, which were connected with each other and with a neighbouring town by a railway line, also owned and maintained by the defendants for the service of the collieries. The colliers had the option of travelling to and from their work by the line free of charge. Whilst so travelling, one of the men, John Edgar Coldrick, was accidentally killed. His mother brought a common law action against the employers under Lord Campbell's Act and a special jury at the Cardiff Assizes returned a verdict in her favour, finding that the accident was caused by the negligence of the defendants' servants. Mr. Justice Bray entered judgment for the defendants notwithstanding the verdict, on the ground that the doctrine of common employment applied and exonerated them from responsibility. The Court of Appeal upheld the decision of the learned Judge. Lord Justice Vaughan Williams held that the deceased had impliedly undertaken the risk of negligence on the part of his fellow servants, including those which had the control of the railway and its approaches. The doctrine of common employment was based upon a contract, express or implied, by which a workman undertook the risk of injury caused by the negligence of his fellow servants. This implied contract extended to his user of the means of access to and departure from work provided by his employers, which he must be assumed to have known when he entered upon his employment. The defendants were therefore not liable. The other lords justices concurred, and the judgment of the Court below was accordingly affirmed with costs.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

A correspondent writes to us as follows. We despair of seeing the law as it affects imprisonment for debt put upon a satisfactory footing in the lifetime of the present Government:—

> I think those who advise a shortening of the period of limitations in the case of small debts do not bear in mind the real import of the Statute of Limitations. It provides that *an action* to recover the debt must (in the absence of a promise, &c.) be brought within six years after the debt accrued due; but when the action has been brought and a judgment recovered, the Statute is no longer applicable or, rather, a new limitation arises applicable to judgment-debts only. Now an application to commit the debtor for non-payment of the debt cannot (under ordinary circumstances) be made until the action has been brought and a judgment recovered on foot of it. The six years' limit does not apply to a judgment summons, and the six months' limit would be equally inapplicable under the proposed new Statute of Limitations if its terms were otherwise similar to those of the old one.
>
> I think, however, that it would be desirable to fix a period after the date of incurring the debt at which payment would cease to be enforceable by any method except out of the proceeds of property already devoted to the payment of debts—as, for instance, property which belonged to a bankrupt at the date of his adjudication. But such a provision would lie outside the scope of our present Statute of Limitation.

A CAREFUL MOTHER.

Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Constipation---

There are no half-measures about the life-long benefits readers derive from Phosferine, for it is just as thorough, just as speedy in building up the vitality of a delicate infant as when it puts a nerve-shattered Victoria Cross hero upon his feet again, gives nerve force to Royal Personages, and re-energises celebrities. An example of this marvellous self-adapting efficacy of Phosferine to all ages and conditions is supplied by Mrs. Jennings, one of those splendid mothers who *make sure* their children shall have a chance in life. Mrs. Jennings says her little girl suffered pitifully from all those nervous disorders due to an *original insufficiency of nerve force*, and nothing gave the least relief until Phosferine was tried. The improvement commenced from the first dose, and continued to such purpose that the child is now in robust health.

Stopped and cured at the outset.

Mrs. A. E. Jennings, 4, Lyveden Road, Blackheath, S.E., writes:—"I have used Phosferine for my little girl, with very good results. In November last she suffered from extreme nervousness and sleeplessness, very often in the middle of the night she would wake up frightened, and go into a paroxysm of screaming. She had no appetite, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could get her to take the least food. Instead of playing in her usual bright manner she appeared dejected and lifeless, and so dispirited that all efforts to amuse her proved futile. So timid and shrinking did she become that it worried my husband and myself in no small degree. I noticed the good Phosferine had done in similar cases, and obtained a small bottle of it to try. The first few doses caused so great a difference in her condition that I continued to give it her, and found all the distressing symptoms rapidly disappearing. She now sleeps well all night, and is quite a bonny bright child again. The costiveness from which she suffered is also removed, thanks to your splendid remedy, and her nerves are stronger than they have ever been."—January 27, 1909.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Indigestion	Maternity Weakness
Rheumatism	Premature Decay	Sleeplessness
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Anæmia
Influenza	Exhaustion	Malaria

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family

H.I.M. the Empress of Russia | H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania | H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia

The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

PHOSFERINE RE-CREATES THE NERVE FORCES.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

A DEMAND FOR THE ABOLITION OF THE M.P.

My vivacious friend, Mr. Victor Grayson, has returned to the House of Commons, to speak, I hope, with more caution and dine with a greater zest. But perhaps the hon. member will permit me to remark that there appears to be some inconsistency between his attitude towards that over-rated assembly and his place in it. For on the memorable occasion when he departed the precincts after his unfortunate misunderstanding with the Speaker, he took earth, and, I believe, heaven also, to witness that he left the House with a greater pleasure than he had ever entered it. That being so, I am not a little surprised that, as soon as ever His Majesty took down the shutters and opened the doors for such business or bunkum as might be going, Mr. Grayson hastened to take a seat within. I trust he is not contemplating the ecstacies of another unlovely row.

I also note that before entering the portals over which "*All hope abandon ye who enter here*" is not inscribed, he informed an audience that the House of Commons was an aggregation of insincere old women. In making that remark Mr. Grayson was obviously misinformed. If the House is an aggregation of insincere old women, how comes it that the hon. member is still so young? But I shall not unduly press that point; indeed, I shall not press it at all against my copious and notorious friend. But there is peril in over-statement, and I think he would have been in closer agreement with the more notable thinkers and observers of our pregnant day if he had confined himself to their assertion that the House consists of a large proportion of old women and children. No doubt we shall arise some cold and frosty morning to find the old ladies displaced by several middle-aged ones, and many pretty young ones authorised to bring their babies with them.

In the meantime, we must face the lamentable fact that the House of Commons is by no means as efficient as it might be and should be. Charles Dickens stigmatised it as the dreariest nuisance that ever bothered a much-bothered world. If that were so, it would be a strong argument in favour of an Early Closing Bill, or for immediate suppression by the police. But let Mr. Grayson say and think what he will of the House of Commons, an institution which has established a reputation for the high quality of its Kent strawberries and its Scotch whisky cannot be wholly deserving of national condemnation.

However this may be, I freely acknowledge that I am somewhat at a loss to know for what reason and for what purpose persons are returned to the House of Commons unless it be to prove how much they can promise when they are out, and how little they are able to do when they get in. The individual member of Parliament, with few and rare exceptions, is an utterly futile and unnecessary person except as an ornament to the Smoke Room and an escort to the strawberries. The King's Ministers could do all that is necessary, and a great deal that is unnecessary, if they had the field wholly to themselves. They initiate all the legislation, and regard the articulate support and articulate opposition alike of members as an impediment to beneficent progress in human affairs. They know everything; they control everything; they do everything. The individual M.P. is only blessed unto them in so far as he does nothing. To do nothing—above all, to yearn to do nothing and try to do nothing—is the one ungrudging tribute they are ever willing to pay to his usefulness. When it is asked why so many honours and titles are given to people whom hardly anybody has heard of, it is to be answered that Ministers, of whatever political party, desire to encourage the dumb.

And this brings me back to my point that the M.P. is not one of the necessaries of life. Conscious of my responsibility before this great nation, I hereby propose that he be utterly abolished. In this way all the turmoil, all the cost, all the piteous and prodigal waste of human breath which distinguishes general elections and by-elections, would be saved to the country, and the King's Ministers would be able to conduct or misconduct national affairs exactly as at present in an atmosphere of permanent silence and seraphic peace. I have heard from time to time the wilder spirits of social and political revolution demanding that all persons elected to Parliament should be paid a salary when they got there. Here and now I demand that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should pay all persons for their services in staying away. If this is conceded I am willing to take my solemn affidavit that I will for ever stay away myself.

The curse of idleness drives into Parliament large numbers of respectable people who might otherwise be compelled to do something for a living. As a husband and father, a taxpayer and a ratepayer, I protest against the House of Commons being an *annexe* of the National Liberal Club, the Carlton Club, and similar places of idle resort and refreshment. If there is nothing for an M.P. to do in Parliament except to sit on the softest chair he can find in the Smoke Room, and there wait till a bell summons him to take a walk into a voting lobby, then the sooner he is abolished, and Tom Lipton or Joe Lyons put in charge of the Millennium, the sooner we shall get it.

"Bottomley's Book" will be published immediately after the conclusion of the Guildhall proceedings in Rex. v. Bottomley.

DEADLY CATARRH
OR
CHRONIC COLD IN THE HEAD.

THOUSANDS OF LIVES IN JEOPARDY—LIABILITY TO DEAFNESS, ASTHMA, or CONSUMPTION.

Just now there is an alarming prevalence of nasal catarrh in the British Isles. This is due largely to the dampness of the climate. Few people, comparatively, understand what this dangerous ailment really is, and yet very few are exempt from its ravages.

It begins with an ordinary cold in the head. This is neglected generally, in the expectation that it will cure itself. Often it becomes what is popularly termed a chronic cold in the head. The delicate membranes of the nasal passages, mouth, and throat become irritated and inflamed, mucus accumulates, there is the need of more or less frequent spitting, headaches are frequent, and the breath smells foully. Later, the involuntary swallowing of the poisonous mucus causes disorders in the stomach, kidneys, and other organs. Asthma, bronchitis, and even dreaded consumption follow in the train of this "chronic cold in the head," which is really nasal catarrh.

Another danger of catarrh is the extension to the organs of hearing, and consequent deafness, also ringing noises in the head.

Precious Time Being Wasted.

Misled by naively-written advertisements, people waste time and money in swallowing blood remedies, tonics, etc., which can never alone effect a cure. The true remedy, recognised by all medical authorities, is direct treatment upon the inflamed membranes. For many years our ablest physicians have worked upon this theory; but, as is conceded by themselves, they are yet far from finding just what is required. But I have found it!

My Straightforward Assertion!

I, Erasmus Colman, declare that I have a perfect and speedy cure for nasal and throat catarrh. It is a home treatment, occupying but a moment or two of one's time daily. The benefit becomes obvious from the first hour. The healing of the diseased condition is gradual, yet speedy and certain. Life again becomes worth the living!

Interrogate Yourself!

If you have any doubt about your ailment, read the following symptoms of Catarrh arranged in the form of questions:

1. Is your voice husky?
2. Is the breath offensive?
3. Is the nose stopped up?
4. Is your hearing affected?
5. Does the nose discharge?
6. Do you snore when asleep?
7. Do crusts form in the nose?
8. Do you have sneezing spells?
9. Is the sense of smell leaving?
10. Do you suffer from headache?
11. Is there fulness in the throat?
12. Do you expectorate frequently?
13. Do you have to clear the throat?
14. Is there dropping of phlegm into the throat?
15. Do you have Nausea and "gagging" with phlegm?

The foregoing and numerous other questions are those to which the sufferer can usually reply with the word "Yes." When such is the case, then let the afflicted person ascertain regarding my system just as quickly as possible.

May be a Fatal Error!

It is a fearful mistake to neglect catarrh. It is quite certain to develop into something worse. It will not cure itself.

The Veritable Cure.

I have the true cure. It is a system of vapourised medication, complemented by other highly effective therapeutic aids. There is nothing complex about it. Anybody can easily understand it. It is a pleasant form of cure. It is permanent.

Not Obtainable Elsewhere.

The Colman method has saved many lives—it may save yours!

I offer a perfectly genuine system of treatment. You cannot obtain it anywhere else, because it is the result of years of study and active experience, coupled with extraordinary ability in this particular line of ailment; therefore, my system is protected, and is obtainable only from me.

Nevertheless, I am a humanitarian, and do not make charges which are only possible for the well-to-do. Any sufferer, regardless of his or her position, can obtain my treatment upon simple and easy terms by confiding in me. I know that I have the complete cure for catarrh and its consequent ills, including asthma, deafness, etc. I want to cure every man, woman, or child that suffers. None need apply to me in vain.

Get it Free!

I invite every reader of *John Bull* to write to me, and obtain my treatise. I make no charge for the book. It explains all. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope. Please mention title, such as Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc. Address: Erasmus Colman (Room 787), 22, Grays Inn Road, London.—[ADVT.]

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"**The Money-Changers,**" by Upton Sinclair (Long: 6s.), is an attempt to show up the corruption and wickedness of Yankee millionaires. If the facts are as stated the indictment is proved up to the hilt. But the interest flags, and the story leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. The author has not improved much on his previous work, which was very small beer.

"**Dr. Jameson,**" by G. Seymour Fort (Hurst and Blackett: 10s. 6d. net), is a somewhat pompous panegyric without the lively incidents which one is entitled to expect. No fresh light is thrown upon the Raid, which seems to have been a more or less impulsive act due to Jameson's distorted perspective. A story is recalled how he was, one afternoon in March, 1895, reading the history of Clive on the stoep at Government House, Bulawayo. Public indignation was at that moment aflame against Kruger, because of the fresh disabilities he had placed upon Britishers seeking representative rights. Suddenly Jameson looked up, and exclaimed: "I have a jolly good mind to march straight down off the plateau with the men I have here, and settle the thing out of hand. The idea of South Africa going on being trodden upon by this Pretoria gang is absurd. I have a good mind to get the fellows together and start to-morrow, *vid* Tati." A friend somewhat drily pointed out the unfeasibility of such a project, and an argument ensued. At last Jameson, banging the book down on his knee, said: 'You may say what you like, but Clive would have done it.'"

The author's best efforts are devoted to a demonstration of his hero's invariable coolness.

> Lying one afternoon on his bed in his tent, a burly, drunken prospector suddenly lurched inside, and, drawing his revolver, said, "You are a good old doctor, but I am b——y well going to shoot you." Jameson remained motionless, puffed a whiff of cigarette smoke through his lips, and coolly replied, "Yes, that's all right; but don't you think you had better have a drink first?" The man agreed. Jameson called his servant and told him to take him to the canteen, at the same time pointing with his finger, not to the canteen, but to the police camp. Off went the prospector, quite pleased, but soon discovered the ruse. A desperate struggle took place; the servant was thrown heavily to the ground, and the prospector was only just overtaken by the police as he was re-entering the tent, revolver in hand, and black murder in his heart.
>
> The man was imprisoned, but shortly afterwards demonstrated his homicidal mania by escaping from gaol and training the Maxim gun on the racecourse during a meeting. Fortunately, the shots went high, and no one was killed, but some of the jockeys had a narrow escape.

It would be interesting if the true story of Dr. Jim could be given to the world.

"**The Adventures of Borbee and the Wisp,**" by Florence K. Upton (Longmans. 6s.), is full of the most delightful coloured pictures I have ever seen. I intend to frame them and put them up on the walls of my nursery when I get one. I can imagine no more delightful gift-book for children. But it is a pity that the letterpress should be such hopeless twaddle.

"**The Little City of Hope,**" by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan: 5s. net), is "a Christmas story," very pretty, very pathetic, beautifully illustrated. I gather that it was published in America in 1907.

"**In the Face of Night,**" by Dick Donovan (Long: 6s.), is all about lairds and witches, fierce fights, murders, and deep-laid vengeance in Scotland during the dark ages. There is no lack of incident, and I daresay the author has taken a great deal of trouble about his local colour. But somehow or other the story falls flat.

"**The Far East Revisited,**" by A. Gorton Angier (Witherby: 10s. 6d. net), is a heavy, conscientious, glorified commercial report, illustrated with commonplace photographs, and couched in somewhat slovenly language. The only part which interested me was the revelation of Yankee failure in the Philippines. But I imagine the book will be quite useful to such persons as are concerned in questions of currency, trade, and shipping.

"TRUTH" CAUTIONARY LIST.

We have received from the Editor of *Truth* a copy of the 1909 edition of the "*Truth* Cautionary List." The book is wonderful value at 1s., and can be highly recommended to the public generally and to clergymen and others who are called upon by poor people for advice in their multifarious concerns. The index, which is now bound up with the volume, contains the names of over a thousand persons and firms with whom it is undesirable to have business relations, for the reasons therein given.

All About Investment.

By Henry Lowenfeld. Now Ready. 5/- net.

"It is success which colours all in life."—Opening the first chapter with these words, the author shows how investment-success can only be attained by adhering to a definite investment-aim. He divides investors into ten classes, in one of which every reader—be he thrifty artisan or wealthy landowner—is bound to recognize himself and his needs. In the succeeding eight chapters the reader is taught how to avoid the risks which are inseparable from haphazard investment; how to achieve his own investment aim; and "the success which colours all in life." It is a logical book for logical people.

Not a dull moment nor an abstruse point in its 212 Pages.

Order of your Bookseller or direct of the Publishers. *Financial Review of Reviews.* 2, Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

PEARKS' TEA.

Sold at all branches and Agencies of

PEARKS' STORES.

Head Office: 6, Bayer Street, E.C.

ROYAL LONDON

Mutual Insurance Society, Ltd. (Founded 1861.)

FIRE, LIFE, HOUSE PURCHASE.

Claims Paid Exceed £5,000,000 Yearly Income Exceeds £1,000,000

Agents Wanted. SPECIAL TERMS.

CHIEF OFFICE:

ROYAL LONDON HOUSE, FINSBURY SQ., E.C

JOHN PRICE, HORACE DUFFELL, *Managing Directors.*

By Royal Warrant.

CEREBOS SALT

GUARANTEED

Pure, Wholesome and Beneficial.

BOVRIL

BANK CREDIT OVERDRAFTS

AT 4% INTEREST WITHOUT SECURITY OR GUARANTORS.

IN SUMS OF £10 TO £250.

City Bank offers to open a fixed number of accounts with Cheque Book, and to allow customers providing one reference of respectability to overdraw in sums of from £10 to £250 without security or guarantors.

NO DEPOSITS REQUIRED.

Before attempting to form an opinion on the merits or demerits of this novel yet genuine and sound departure in modern banking, readers are requested to first apply for full particulars and carefully consider same.

When new ideas and new methods are put before us, we are apt in our conservatism to regard them lightly, as things impossible of realisation, and for consideration only by the credulous in an idle hour.

Hence the announcement that under certain practical and mutually profitable business conditions a City Bank offers to open a limited number of accounts, entitled to immediate overdrafts at 4 per cent. interest and generally without security or guarantors, but solely on one reference as to applicants' respectability.

Such announcement is almost sure to create unfounded doubts and discredit in the minds of people who were used to having to provide £25 or £250 of their money to remain free of interest as a "balance" with the Bank before they can (in addition to an introduction from a "trustworthy" client of the Bank) get possession of the magic cheque-book.

Now, there may be some prejudice against a banking institution advertising in this form of publicity; but the fact must not be overlooked that advertising is one of the greatest factors of modern business developments, and that, in some form or other, all Banks advertise.

It should be further borne in mind that if a Banking House incurs an expenditure of several thousands of pounds to reach the public, it must of necessity have to put before people a business proposition comprising mutually profitable advantages, and therefore it is in the interest of all, at a cost of a penny stamp, to apply for full particulars of such proposition, especially in view of the fact that such application does not commit anyone either to expense, liability, or publicity.

The Atlas Banking Corporation is not an ordinary Joint Stock Bank, it does not cater for deposits from one class of the public in order to lend it to another class at a higher rate; therefore, it is not saddled with the prejudices and old-fashioned conventionalities of Joint Stock Banks, and therefore it is not deterred in making use of modern methods of publicity by the fear of losing the confidence of depositors, with the disaster consequent upon a run.

The Directors of this modern investment Bank believe that there are thousands of honest people in Great Britain who can be placed on the road to prosperity by monetary assistance at the right time; thousands of tradesmen, who, with extra capital, can double their income; thousands of young people who only require a small sum to start them in life; while there are multitudes of clerks, householders, inventors, and craftsmen who can establish themselves in business by means of a temporary loan or overdraft, and the Directors are convinced that while by so doing they can derive substantial profits for their shareholders, at the same time they will assist, even to a small extent, to break down the cruel reign of the nefarious Moneylender with his cent. per cent., and his debt-collecting trickeries.

In connection with this departure it may be mentioned that Dean Swift was in the habit of money lending to struggling tradesmen without security and free of interest, and never was he defrauded or deceived.

The Atlas Banking Corporation is not a philanthropic institution, but on sound business lines proposes to confer and receive equivalent advantages and benefits, and be all the time 4 per cent. to the good.

The Atlas Bank makes a speciality of Investment business of every description, and deals with foreign banks and most exclusively with Members of the London, Provincial, and Foreign Stock Exchanges.

Finally, let it be clearly and emphatically understood that on one satisfactory reference as to the respectability and bona fides the Bank will trust qualified clients implicitly.

What you have to do is to write your name, address, and occupation on a card, enclose it in an envelope, together with a 1d. stamp for reply, post it, and you will receive full particulars.

DO NOT WRITE A LETTER.

NO ENQUIRIES. NO FEES. NO PUBLICITY.

OPEN CREDIT DEP.

The Manager,

ATLAS BANK, Ltd.,

34 & 35, NEW BROAD STREET,

LONDON, E.C.

Affix here 1d. stamp.

Write address clearly, or cut out and stick this on your envelope.

CARD FOR PARTICULARS.

I ENCLOSE 1d. STAMP FOR REPLY.

Please supply particulars of your advertisement in "J.B." to—

Name (Christian) .....

Surname .....

Address .....

.....

Occupation .....

Cut this out, stick it on a card, fill in distinctly, and forward.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Bathing as a High Art.

"Cleanliness is half a virtue, and uncleanliness is a vice and a half," asserts Alexandre Dumas. Certainly that creed is fairly widely held in these enlightened days—in England, at all events. Yet it does not do to boast too freely. Are we not told that one of the tortures of the workhouse is the compulsory tubbing? And it seems that the ordinary prisoners at Holloway Castle could not make up their minds what to think of the imprisoned Suffragettes until they heard that these ladies regarded but one bath in seven days as an intolerable deprivation. This settled the matter. The "drunks" and the pick-pockets decided then that the Suffragettes were hopelessly insane—mere poor lunies.

It is easy to be luxurious over the daily bath. Not many of us can emulate the Empress Poppœa, with her morning plunge into warm asses' milk; or the twenty pounds of crushed strawberries that tinted the water for Madame Tallien; or even the morning dew that dozens of servants gathered up every dawn for Diane de Poictiers. Neither can we obtain as a general rule the baths of milk of almonds; of weak veal-broth; of melon-juice; of barley water; of water distilled from honey and roses and all the other delightful concoctions that wealthy and capricious women have at times chosen as their special beauty preservatives. Still, an occasional departure from the ordinary is not to be condemned. Blonde women might well imitate the young Queen of Holland, who has large quantities of lemon-juice in her bath to preserve the white beauty of her skin. In the Spring, three handfuls of either cowslips or primroses thrown into warm water make a bath fit for a fairy. A bath scented with lime-flowers is said to soothe the nerves. One of the simplest and cheapest ways of breaking the monotony of plain water is by means of a bran-bag. A couple of pounds of bran are put in a muslin bag and allowed to soak for three hours, this water being then poured into my lady's tub.

Up-to-Date Evening Gowns.

Soft satin is playing a conspicuous part in the formation of many of the loveliest models. The manufacturers have been so successful with delicate tints showing a silvery sheen on the high lights, that very little elaboration of style is required to make a light satin gown a thing of true beauty. In fact, the modern woman's evening toilette is a real pleasure to the artistic eye, for it is delightfully free from those exaggerations, that revolt the tender susceptibilities of the cultured eye of the artist, while the prevailing closely-fitting mode shows the Female Form Divine to perfection. Let us try to form a mental picture of one or two models hailing from a leading Paris house. Imagine a high-waisted gown of pink, in tone like the pink we see in the heart of some white roses—a mere suggestion of rosy colouring. It is cut very low, the décolletage edged with Brussels lace. From under the bust to almost the waist is a slightly folded belt of a more distinctive shade of pink panne-velvet, embroidered in a light design of silver thread. Down back and front is a narrow, loosely-hanging stole of transparent gauze, embroidered at the foot with a design in silver, and finished by a pink chenille fringe. The long sleeves are of tucked gauze not closing down the back of the arm, but having the two edges held together at intervals with silver bows. In the hair was to be worn a black sweeping osprey springing from a pink rose with silver dew-drops on its petals. Another dress was of turquoise-blue satin made with a swathed cross-oves high-waisted bodice, the V thus formed filled in with rucked black silk chiffon. The skirt opened down the left side, falling apart a good distance near the hem to show a voluminous under-skirt of the black silky material. The trimmings of this blue gown were black and blue silken ornaments, which held the bodice and upper skirt in place and were dotted round the hem at frequent intervals. The elbow-sleeves were folded blue satin. An ample black tulle scarf was to be provided with this costume, and a wreath of forget-me-nots with one small black blossom for the hair—and let us hope the wearer would have sunny light locks—the colour scheme of the get-up demanded it.

A Not-Unpleasant Temperance Drink.

It is compounded chiefly of hot things, so has a nice little "nippy" feeling as it goes down, which takes away from it that insipidity that all too often characterizes drinks that cannot possibly send the unwary drinker reeling home at night. Take half an ounce of tincture of ginger, half an ounce of tincture of cayenne, one ounce tartaric acid, 2d. burnt sugar for colouring. Four pounds of lump sugar must be boiled in four quarts of water; boil and boil until it is reduced to about two and a half quarts and is like a syrup. When cold, add the other ingredients. Take a quarter of a tumbler-full of the syrup and fill up with hot or cold water to taste.

BARGAINS :—GENUINE STOCK TAKING SALE. The magnificent stocks of Jewellery, Silver Plate and Watches to be cleared at 4s. in the £ discount off marked prices, for a few days only. SAQUI & LAWRENCE, 28 to 31, Liverpool Street; 54, Strand; 97, Fleet Street; 276-277, Pentonville Road, and Piccadilly Circus (opposite "The Criterion").—[Advt.]

IS THERE A THOROUGHBRED CYCLE?

What do you mean by a "Thoroughbred Bicycle"? ask our critics when we talk of the thoroughbred Sunbeam. We mean just what we say.

The Sunbeam is thoroughbred in every detail, because it is built where no low-grade Cycles are bred. It has never been allowed to degenerate by ANY RELATIONSHIP with inferior methods, inferior workmen, or inferior materials. In short it is a Thoroughbred, built for Speed, Comfort, and Quality, and NOT for Cost.

J. Marston Ltd.—21, Sunbeamland—Wolverhampton—send the 1909 Sunbeam Cycle List free on application.

Oatine

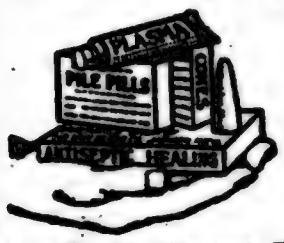
When the skin is irritated after shaving, use OATINE. It instantly relieves tenderness, and soreness of the skin.

A Free Sample

of Oatine Cream will be sent on application, or for 2d. in stamps a box containing eight of the Oatine preparations and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 270a, BERMAN STREET, LONDON, S.E.

FREE 4/6 COUPON



Entitling Anyone with Piles

to receive, per return post, FREE TO TRY, a 4/6 PACKAGE of Dr. Van Vleck's wonderful 3-fold ABSORPTION TREATMENT, together with our valuable New Book in colours, (In plain wrapper.)

Name .....

Address .....

Only one trial package to one address. MN 27

Every person cutting out and sending us the above coupon at once will get—FREE TO TRY—our complete Three-Fold Absorption Cure for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Prolapse, Tumours, Constipation, and all rectal troubles. If you are fully satisfied with the benefit received you can send us 4/6. If not, you have only to say so, and it costs you nothing; you decide after a thorough trial. It is curing even cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, as well as all the earlier stages. Act now, and save yourself perhaps untold suffering, for piles lead to fistula and the deadly cancer. Our three-fold treatment cures to stay cured, because it is constitutional as well as local, and we want you to try it at our expense. Send no money—just the coupon—to the VAN VLECK CO., MN 27 Bangor House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C. Write to-day.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

INTERNATIONALISM IN LONDON.

All good Americans when they die go to Paris, it is said; and it might be said with equal probability that all good artists come to London whilst they live. During the past quarter of a century London has assumed the position of the art centre of the world as well as its social and commercial centre. Not only can the well-to-do man live more comfortably in London than in any other city, month in, month out; he can also enjoy himself most artistically. The best music, the best drama, the best pictures, as well as the best cookery, are at one's service in London if he has the money to pay for them; for London is now the most cosmopolitan city on earth, despite the rival claims of Paris and New York.

FRENCH, GERMAN, AND DANISH.

As I write, three further evidences of the growing internationalism of London arrive in the form of invitations to interest oneself in the Deutsche Volksbuhne (or German Theatre) series at the Court, in the Société des Concerts Français, which is organising Debussy and other programmes at Bechstein Hall, and in a season of French opera comic at the Coronet. And Mr. Leslie Faber tells me that he is about to produce at the Vaudeville Theatre a Danish play by Hjalmar Bergstrom. This last will be called "The Head of the Firm," and it seems likely to create considerable discussion, as it deals satirically with Socialism, Charity Organisation, and other comparatively topical matters. There is a Hebrew financier in it, played by Mr. Faber; and a young man who fell among Yids. Mr. Faber, of course, is the son-in-law of Henry Arthur Jones, and he has played in a number of that dramatist's pieces in Town. Mr. Faber, who is to be the manager of the Vaudeville for a while (I wish him the best of luck there), is an actor who has impressed me as capable of bigger work than any in which London so far has seen him. Another interesting young actor who is venturing on the perilous paths of management or semi-management is Mr. Gerald Lawrence, who talks of a Shakespearean series at the Court, beginning with "As You Like It." Meanwhile, we are to have Mr. Matheson Lang's "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, where Forbes Robertson showed us the greatest Hamlet of our own day, and perhaps of any day. The Lang "Hamlet" should afford opportunity for amiable comparisons; physically, at least, it will be striking enough.

THE STAGE SOCIETY AND FOREIGN PLAYS.

Reverting for the moment to the relations of the British and the foreign theatres, it may be noted that the Stage Society, like most of the other societies that declare themselves anxious to exploit the commercially unpayable native dramatist, seems to have come upon a drought. Its latest bill, interesting enough in its way, was entirely exotic. It consisted of "The Rights of the Soul," by Giuseppe Giacosa, and "The Bread of Others," by Turgeneff. I do not complain; for one of the chief uses of the Stage Society is to display for us curious foreign pieces that otherwise we might never see. But one cannot escape the depressing conclusion that the English items in recent Stage Society shows have been by no means the best of the plays presented. Manchester, in fact, just now appears to be more fecund in original dramatic talent than London, if we may judge by the "discoveries" of Miss Horniman and Mr. Iden Payne. Quite a crop of promising youngsters has been brought to light by the management named; and I hear very favourable reports of a play produced lately from the pen of Dr. Sackville. Half-a-dozen theatres similar to this of Miss Horniman scattered over the cities of the provinces would work wonders in a few years.

WANTED—NEW MEN!

That is what is essential to any marked improvement in our dramatic output. The old gang are played out, pumped dry, and squeezed empty. They have no ideas left; they are no longer raw and imaginative. Only here and there at the London houses do we find a disposition to give the Younger Generation a chance, however; and when a chance is given and failure follows there is a perfectly ridiculous hullaballoo and chorusing of "We told you so!" On the other hand, ancient and fish-like atrocities, mis-called "new plays," and written to order by the "established authors," slide in and out of bills with horrible results to their employers, and nary a word of significant comment from the seers. I am glad to observe signs in several directions of another of those spasms of valour that some twenty years ago made the reputation and fortunes of two or three of our actor-managers—when they still had youth and go—notably of Mr. George Alexander. In the meantime, Mr. Alexander relies on "The Prisoner of Zenda" and Mr. Waller is again Beaucaring—the latter for a few nights only, until he can get something else ready, I gather. The "romantic" play has come in again with a vengeance; and with "Henry of Navarre" at the New, for example, drawing crowded houses every night, perhaps it is little wonder that our managers are reverting to the pretty clothes and picturesque nonsense that served their purposes in other days.

P.

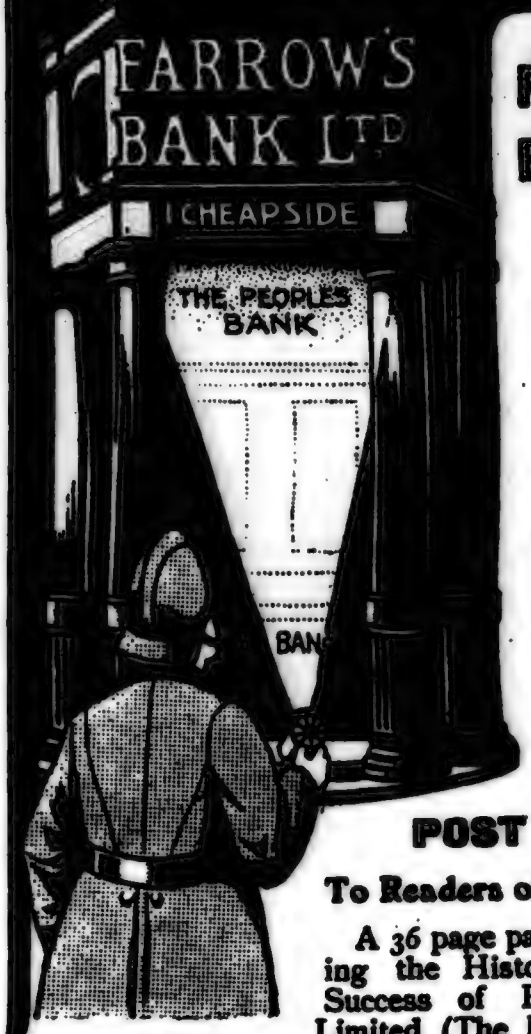
YOUR MONEY IS ALWAYS SAFE!

Before making an investment just consider LOTISICO policies! Investors now realise that these policies, guaranteed by a fund of £150,000, give ample security, and further more have unequalled advantages. Our "Lotisico" booklet gives just the kind of information every investor wants. Ask for it, mentioning this paper.

The First Dutch Insurance Co., Ltd., 68, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

The Hague, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, Stockholm, Constantinople, &c.

ALL SAFE!



FARROW'S BANK, Ltd., The People's Bank, Is THE SAFE BANK.

POST FREE

To Readers of "John Bull"

A 36 page pamphlet describing the History, Work and Success of Farrow's Bank Limited (The People's Bank), can be had on application to Room 41, Head Office, or Branches.

DEPARTMENTS.

Current Accounts.
Overdrafts and Guarantees.
Banking by Post.
Anti-Usury.
Popular Deposit Notes.
Tradesmen's Thrift Machines.
Home Savings Bank.
Thrift Money Boxes.
Bureau de Change.
Letters of Credit.
Accountancy and Audit.
Pensions and Dividends.
Public Loans.
Stocks and Shares.
Investors' Advice Bureau.
Rating Appeals.
Income Tax Recovery.
Insurance.
Legal.
Trusteeship.
Surveys and Estates.
Building Society.
Inventors' Advisory Board.
Safe Deposit.
Rendezvous.
"Farrow's Bank Gazette."

Branches, Sub-Branches, and Agencies in every County of the Kingdom.

HEAD OFFICE
FARROWS BANK LIMITED
THE PEOPLES BANK
1 CHEAPSIDE LONDON E.C.
OPPOSITE THE R.E.

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—

That our Navy is all at sea.

That the Chancellor of the Exchequer's difficulty is a money-tarry one.

That reliance can be placed on a piece "made in Germany."

That when Alfred Austin wrote, "Guard with your *barrels* the British shore," he first thought of *hogsheads*.

That the departure of Carrie will be a National loss.

That Tommy Burns will shortly "star" in a new version of "Too Much Johnson."

That the new Marble Arch gates, which have cost £3,000, are "capital" value.

That Hall Caine is going into Parliament for a "novel" experience.

That the birth-rate is going up.

That Lord Charles Beresford has been flogging too much.

That Miss Mattern, the airship Suffragist, intended to "drop in" on the House.

That "Business only meant" is the Government motto this Session.

That when Lloyd George says "Debit" it sounds uncommonly like something else.

M. Jean Richepin declares that there is poetry in the English fog. He might also have added that there is considerable fog in some English poetry.

President Roosevelt has declined the £2,000 left him by an eccentric recluse. "Teddy" prefers to leave it to someone else.

Will most of the cases in the Divorce Court now be Bigamous ones?

"The Kaiser's Capital," we read. Tastes differ.

"No More Bull's Eyes," says the *Mirror*. How do *they* know?

A Cabinet Minister has been clean bowled by a well-known cricketer. We must get Mr. *Fry* into Parliament.

Admiralty mourning: Navy-blue.

"The Quenchless Flame" is the title of a book. Yet it has been out some time.

"Capital is as elusive as a sunbeam," says Mr. Claude Lowther. True, a cloud, and it is gone.

"Utopia, I want to see you," reads an *Express* "Agony." So do we.

The newspapers so vigorously touting for the Territorials might remember the old saying, "One Volunteer is worth three Press-ed men.

To raise the birth-rate, Iowa offers a bonus of £5 to the mother of every child born in the State. Couples hovering on the brink of matrimony may now take the plunge without fear.

Someone has written a book called "The Meaning of Money." To most of us money speaks for itself.

"Blessed are they who are cheated," remarks Judge Willis. But the victim's "Well, I'm blest!" doesn't always mean just that.

In Bulgaria, bachelors are to pay a tax of ten francs per annum. Cheap, considering the licence it represents.

"We are not quite so bad as we used to be," confesses the *Humane Review*. So glad.

"Ministers on the Rack," we read. Evidently the cranks are having a turn.

Speaking of a costume for aeroplaning, the *Drapery Times* says, "it must fit closely round the ankles." We should have suggested something of a clinging nature ourselves.

The denial that Chicago women have the biggest feet in America is distinctly rough on the rest of Uncle Sam's daughters.

"Love is like an invention," says W. J. Locke. Yes, patent to the whole world.

At Westminster County Court recently, an undertaker pleaded that business had been very bad. Another "dying industry."

Lord Dalmeny says he will not have time to play first-class cricket this year. It is not every sportsman who is so candid.

The Mr. T. Crossman who has just celebrated his diamond wedding is evidently wrongly named.

"Modern books are not so cheap as they might be" says Dr. Anthony Fenn. We think most of them would be dear at any price.

"Women of the Silver Tongue," reads a headline. We prefer one of the golden variety.

"Women's politics are largely of the personal kind," says Sir Edward Clarke. Men's are not, of course.

"I will now sit down upon that point" concluded counsel in a Guildhall case recently. We trust the point went home.

The new French bank-notes are to be blue, yellow, red and green. No native can now feel insulted by a request to "see the colour of his money."

"We need art in the home, art in the schools, and art in the towns says a Munich paper. Some of us think them too artful already.

DELICIOUS in FLAVOUR.
OF DELIGHTFUL AROMA
AND
HARMLESS on ACCOUNT of their ABSOLUTE PURITY

"SANDORIDES LUCANA" CIGARETTES

HIGHEST GRADE VIRGINIA CODE L.V. | SELECTED TURKISH LEAF CODE L.T

IN BOXES OF

100	50	20	10
4'9	2/6	1/-	6d

SOLD BY LEADING TOBACCONISTS EVERYWHERE OR POST FREE FROM
W SANDORIDES & Co LTD
5, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.

At the Office

you will find, with the coming of Spring, that your winter clothes are too heavy for comfort. It will be worth your while to have your lighter suits cleaned *now*, ready for the warmer weather. Dry-cleaning and tailor-pressing, if properly done, will leave them almost as good as new, and our charge is only 3/9. We have practised the process satisfactorily for many years, and we can satisfy you.

We have Branches and Agencies in London and all over the country and will send address of nearest on application.
City Branches at—5 Queen Street and 39 Finsbury Pavement.

ACHILLE SERRE, LTD.
(*Nettoyage à Sec*)
HACKNEY WICK, LONDON, E. ('Phone 1265 East)
(Carriage paid one way on all Orders sent direct.)

IT'S UNUSUAL

It's very unusual for a Sheffield Cutlery Manufacturer to supply his manufactures direct from the factory to the customer, but when you have examined the extraordinary value of our "Enterprise" Parcel, you will be convinced that it is a move in the right direction. The Factory Price is so low and our monthly subscription terms so very reasonable, that you can order this complete New Outfit of Genuine Sheffield Table Cutlery now and never feel the effort.

WE ASK FOR ONLY 25/6 WITH ORDER

2/- in the £ Discount Cash with order.

Merely send 25/6 with your promise to pay nine monthly subscriptions of 2/6, and we deliver NOW our World-famed

"Enterprise" Parcel

51 Pieces for 25/-

as described below. The Knives are of Genuine Sheffield Steel, with handsome Ivorette handles, matched in perfect imitation of real African Ivory, and the Spoons & Forks are of Columbian Silver, which is as white as genuine sterling silver and of exquisite polish.

CONTENTS of the "ENTERPRISE" PARCEL:

6 Table Knives	6 Tea Spoons	1 Moist Sugar Spn
6 Table Forks	6 Egg Spoons	1 pr. Sugar Tongs
6 Dessert Knives	2 Table Spoons	1 Butter Knife
6 Dessert Forks	2 Salt Spoons	7 days approval, money back if not satisfied
6 Dessert Spoons	2 Mustard Spns	

Catalogue Free We send our Handsomely Illustrated Manufacturers' Catalogue of Genuine Sheffield Cutlery and Plate post free to your address. It shows a splendid choice of Genuine Sheffield Manufactures and Specialities for Presents at economical Prices. Ask for Catalogue E. You save enormously by Direct Factory Supply.

J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD

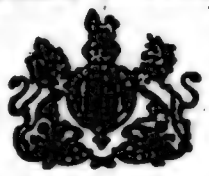
SHORTHAND IN TWELVE LESSONS.

I can teach you the famous SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SYSTEM in your own home, at a trifling cost, in the same way as I have taught thousands in every part of the world, including M.P.'s Parliamentary and Press Reporters, Professional and Business Men. Send a Postcard to-day for my FREE HANDBOOK with testimonials

F. HARVEY WITCHAR, Sloan-Duployan College, GROSVENOR RD. E. LOND N. W.

LIPTONS

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS



TO H.M. THE KING.

TO T.M. THE KING & QUEEN OF ITALY.

TO H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.

TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Growers of the Finest Tea the World can Produce.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTONS.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTONS,

CHIEF OFFICES:

CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTONS TEA.

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

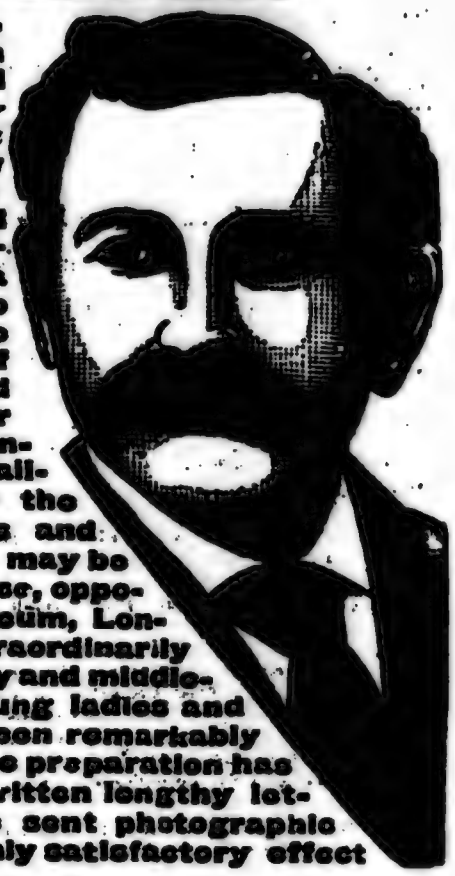
A London Business Man's Wonderful Hair Growing Preparation.

NEW HAIR

In 14 Days.

He invites men and women tired with trying "this, that and the other thing" to apply for complete LARGE TRIAL TREATMENTS

FREE.



A well-known London business man has a wonderful Hair-Growing Treatment which he claims will grow hair in fourteen days He is willing to send supplies of his treatment sufficient for a complete trial, to those who, as he puts it, are tired of trying this, that and the other thing for their baldness, thinning or colouring falling hair. Certainly the evidence of letters and photographs which may be seen at Craven House, opposite the British Museum, London, is most extraordinarily satisfactory. Elderly and middle-aged, as well as young ladies and gentlemen, have been remarkably grateful for what the preparation has done. They have written lengthy letters, and some have sent photographic evidence of the highly satisfactory effect of the preparation.

THE EVIDENCE.

HAIR GROWS QUICKLY.

Hove, Brighton.

MR. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,—I enclose P.O. for another box of your preparation. I am pleased to say that the sample you sent me has entirely stopped the falling off of the hair, and it makes the hair grow longer surprisingly quick.

EDLA PULLEY.

A TEN DAYS' RESULT.

Springburn, Glasgow.

MR. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,—Please send on another box of your hair-grower, for which I enclose P.O. I have only used your pomade for ten days, the hair is coming splendidly.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON.

GROWING SPLENDIDLY.

Littlehampton, Sussex.

DEAR MR. BURLEIGH,—I am very pleased indeed with the result of your hair-grower. I find my hair is growing splendidly beyond my expectations in so short a time. I will do my best to recommend it to others.

(Miss) E. GREENFIELD.

A WONDERFUL PRESCRIPTION.

Robertson Street, Greenock.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of last week to hand. I omitted to send word as regards the box I got. I only used half the box, and my hair is thoroughly restored. It is a wonderful prescription, and I would thoroughly advise anyone who is inclined to be bald to use it.

H. McINTYRE.

GROWN FULLY AN INCH.

Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.

MR. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,—I am greatly pleased with your hair grower. I have only used one box, yet it has made the hair grow fully an inch where the baldness was, and I return you my sincere thanks, for I shall always recommend your hair grower whenever I can.

J. T. BROWN.

"No part of the human structure starts growing again, nothing like so quickly as the hair of the head," the discoverer remarked. "If it were otherwise I certainly could not say that my Hair Regenerator would, as it actually does, grow hair in ten days."

"I know," he said, continuing, "that most people will think my treatment too good to be true. I have selected haphazard a few testimonials which bear out my contention—I have hundreds of others."

FREE.

"I wish everyone suffering from Hair Troubles to obtain from me a complete Large Trial Hair Growing Treatment, consisting of

1 ONE LARGE TRIAL BOX OF MY TRUE HAIR GROWER.
2 ONE CAKE OF SPECIAL SCALP SOAP.
3 A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF 96 PAGES.

I ask only that each of my correspondents shall send me three penny stamps to cover expenses other than the cost of the Treatment itself—I myself will pay for the latter.

"I will make satisfactory arrangements to insure the sending of each applicant's supply of my Hair Regenerating Preparation off the same day as the letter and stamps reach me. My address is John Craven-Burleigh, 128, Craven House (opposite British Museum), London, W.C."

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Correspondents, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

"JUSTICE" (Shepherd's Bush) thinks it unfair that postmen should be allowed to tout for Christmas-boxes while other workers, no better off, are forbidden.

A. D. (Hyde Park) wants us "to say something of the scandalous way ladies are treated by servants who make it a rule to intimidate their mistress so as to compel her to give notice, when they make life so intolerable that they are made to leave and have a month's wages for only a week or fortnight's work."

E. K. M. T. (Hillingdon) says we hear much about the trouble so-called ladies have in getting good servants, but she went out to service to see what it was like, and found it such drudgery that her parents made her give it up. Now her "dad" wants us to start a matrimonial agency. More drudgery!

"A BULLITE" (Coalville) wants to know about Robert Radford, matrimonial agent, Featherstone Buildings. More drudgery!

"INQUIRER" wants to know whether it is necessary to pass an examination in order to become a F.R.G.S. We believe the ability and willingness to pay an annual subscription are the main qualifications.

E. R. (Blackheath) suspects that the beauty contest at Earl's Court last December was not fair and square. He says that make-ups were barred, but that one of the winners pencilled her eyebrows. It is impossible for us to verify such matters, much as we should like to do so, but we can quite well believe that unsuccessful competitors were disappointed.

G. G. S. (Edmonton) says that the medical gentry who earn guineas by certifying inoffensive persons as insane are in many cases in pecuniary difficulties. He suggests that the certifying should be left to the public health officers, who are not allowed to carry on general practice. But, given corruption, would that cure it?

C. B. (Eastbourne) says that hotel scraps have long been collected by a Catholic society called the Little Sisters of the Poor. He objects to the cry of "Back to the land!" because he considers agricultural pursuits "degrading"!

F. F. (Llandudno) has been paying £20 a year for his house, but now wants a bigger one. The agent required references, and said he was perfectly satisfied as to F. F.'s standing and respectability, "but regretted he could not think of letting a £23 house to a tenant who had only been paying £20." As the rent would have been paid in advance, this seems rather silly, and we cannot congratulate the agent on his business methods.

C. M. (Hackney) enquires, "What advantage is gained by being a Freemason, and is it expensive to become a member?" The answer to the first question is that, if the word "advantage" be used in a purely material sense, "No," and to the second "Yes."

A. G. H. (London, W.).—We think fee-snatching money-lenders ought always to be prosecuted in the public interest, and are sorry that your solicitors advised you to take no action.

"LAND-SURVEYOR-TO-BE" (Thame) is informed by Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, 135, Charing Cross Road, that the best book on the subject is "Baker's Land Surveying and Measuring" (published at 2s.). They will be pleased to send this, or several other books on the same subject, on approval.

T. A. W. (Llangadock) who wanted a book on black-and-white landscape sketching and painting can also be supplied by the same firm with a selection of works, on approval.

J. H. S. (S. Tottenham).—The address of Miss Cording's Cats' Home is 31, Trinity Street, Islington, N.

N. L. LITERARY SOCIETY MEMBER.—We'll do our best.

A. Y. (Catford).—Atrocious!

A. F. (Birmingham).—Afraid we must have corroboration. How is the poor girl!

A. D. (Hyde Park).—We are making them.

"LEX" (West Kensington).—We *don't* think.

M. C. (Chester).—The Bible cake is stale. Thanks, however, for your kind thought.

L. F. (Hackney).—We certainly do not advise you to have any dealing with Fellows and Co. (Grosvenor Buildings, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham). It is only a revised version of the old watch trick.

"PHOTO" (Yetminster) has had a dispute with a photographer, which it is difficult for us to settle without devoting more time than we can spare. It is usually a mistake to pay photographers in advance.

J. B. H. (Ipswich).—Yes, isn't it amazing that there should be people asinine enough to pay other idiots to help them to guess the foolish puzzles of the gutter press?

G. T. R. (Bayswater).—Thank heavens! we are not judges of anagrams.

E. H. G. (Hyde Park) thinks it a shame that the masters of foreign ships have been granted pilot certificates by Trinity House, while no English master can get a pilot's certificate for a Continental river. Well, it's British generosity.

"NANCY" (Bayswater).—The parson would have been well advised to accept what he could get instead of grumbling about offerings of the fruits of the earth after their kind.

A. T. (Saffron Walden) wants our opinion about taxing bachelors. Surely they suffer enough as it is.

H. B. W. (Gorton) wants us to print questions as well as answers, but it is already hard enough to find room for the answers.

R. J. L. (Bedford) sends us a Post Office stamp-book, and draws our attention to a notice inviting trade advertisements. We do not see why the Post Office should not make a profit in this way. We quite understand that it was not rudeness which made R. J. L. send the book to us empty. It was simply carelessness.

H. J. L. L. (Pontypridd) grumbles because he went to a concert and large hats prevented him from seeing anything. When we go to a concert it is with the object of hearing, and it sometimes improves the effect when you can't see the grimaces of the singers.

C. H. (Forest Gate) sends us a cutting from the *Daily News* which is certainly silly, but it does seem rather hard on our contemporary to call it "a so-called Nonconformist paper."

G. G. (North Kensington) kindly sends us his photograph with that of some boat-models made by him. We will certainly apply to him when we want one made.

L. S. (Cambridge).—Thanks for compliments and information about history and geography. We were aware of the demise of the Princess of Denmark.

"DUNDONIAN" wants to know whether we intentionally printed the "ll" in "fall" slightly below the line one week. If we tried to illustrate words in this way, our printer would soon join the unemployed.

R. V. (Salford) says "spiritualism is a religion that teaches every individual their own responsibility." Why "their"?

J. A. (Birmingham).—You are quite right. Your joke is better suited to the *Winning Post*, but even that paper has to draw the line somewhere. "Second & Furniture Bought" is too silly for a biscuit. Good luck to you!

H. W. C. (Liverpool) says that streets there change their names as they go along even more absurdly than in London.

D. R. S. G. (West Kensington) asks why everyone is not equally favoured by God, and whether God has favourites. Perhaps there will be compensations in the next world.

C. P. (London, E.C.) says that women enjoy far greater liberties at the present day than in the past. He thinks votes are against their nature.

H. J. B. (Ampthill) considers that votes and husbands are incompatible.

J. D. (Egham).—The case is too complicated for us to settle offhand.

B. J. E. (Bromley) wants us to reprint Jim Crow's articles in book form. Jim has been urging us to do so for a long time, but we are still hesitating.

S. J. L. (Cornhill).—(1) When railways are nationalised, we hope there will be less arbitrary rules about season tickets. (2) You can't say "he pleased me very." How then can you say "he is very pleased"?

"ANXIOUS TO KNOW."—We may reply in rhyme:

Arnold and Wood
Aren't any good.

W. D. (Newcastle-on-Tyne) objects to the use of the word tram for a car. He says it means a rail-track.

C. A. R. (Maida Vale) has received a begging letter from some one of the same name claiming relationship. It is an old trick.

MISS B. A. (Eltham) sent 7½d. to the *Play Pictorial* for a copy of their issue dealing with a certain play. They sent her a circular announcing that the price had gone up to 5s. and deducted one of her pennies for postage. She does not consider this to be good manners, but after all it is a very small grievance.

P. H. (Manchester) has an idea for an airship, and wants to know where to offer it. He *might* try the War Office.

"ONE OF THE BOYS" says it is no use printing questions and answers "for the use of the blind," but the blind can have them read aloud by kind friends.

M. B. (Stepney) wants to know of a directory of manufacturers of Great Britain and Ireland.

J. S. (Gospel Street) writes:—"Knowing their is Treason and Felony I want to get the Biscuit. *I know when to present my parchment. . . Monte Carlo systems of roulette* a Room can be deadened by Electricity whereas the Table is Deadened. I can prove this. The Royal Geographical Society can never place in hystory that JAMAICA was an Earthquake as I can prove that it was Electricity shook down by (as I heard) Dynamics, and the arrest of Two parties will verify my statement. Both these parties cause me to be illegally detained (Twice). Thus proving that I knew something now who were the Bodies that engaged these Two men and the reason pro forma. One arrangement was made for to enter Secret Service for the Metropolitan and City Police and got deceived. . . I am 54 Years Old, and can give 41 years' exemplary references £20 and at present 13. Awaiting your kind reply." Our kind reply requires careful consideration.

E. H. (Blackfriars).—The Novelty Advertising and Trading Co. (2b, Burrage Road, Woolwich) does not sound attractive.

"CURIOUS" (Balham) thinks half the advertisements of situations vacant in the *Daily Telegraph* are bogus. A sweeping accusation.

D. S. W. (Westbourne Grove) wishes us to decide a wager as to how long "Dick" Burge has to serve before his release, and if Goudie is still alive. We refer D. S. W. to the Sporting Press—we are a family paper.

H. W. (Chiswick) says that married female teachers fill the places which might be occupied by single young ladies, and that husbands ought to keep their wives. Surely that is a question for the wives to decide.

ILLEGIBLE SIGNATURE (Stockport) wants a biscuit for Thackeray for speaking of "Bob Scarecrow, whose breeches are sadly out at elbows." But Dr. Johnson defines an elbow as "any flexure or angle." So it might apply to the knees. Besides, Thackeray has long given up eating biscuits. Why do so many correspondents write so illegibily? The worst offenders are those who use flourishes.

I CAN CURE YOUR OBESITY.

I Cured My Own.

My own case was one of unusual difficulty; it was hereditary. No effective treatment was then known. I devoted my whole time to the scientific study of obesity. I cured myself, and if you will follow my treatment I can cure you.

J. Nelson Lloyd.

Letters of thanks pour in every day from patients whom I have cured. If you could read my patients' letters *you would know that I can cure you.*

It is not in two or three, nor yet in fifty or sixty cases that I have cured sufferers from the intolerable burden of excessive fat. My experience is of *thousands* of successful cases. I can cure the worst cases. Cases that are only beginning are naturally easy to me. But I am not afraid of any case, however severe.

MY OWN CURE.

Listen to my own history. In my family obesity was frequent and fatal. My immediate forbears had died prematurely of over-fatness. I myself was developing fat, and *no one was able to cure me.* Spare diet, exercise troublesome and humiliating, and the medicines then known, had no effect on my steady growth of weight and girth. I was weak, languid, and rapidly growing desperate. I discovered the remedy for myself and cured myself. I was my own first patient. In studying for my medical degree I turned my attention to the causes of excessive fat deposit, and sought the scientific cure, not only for fatness itself, but (what is far more important) for the *causes* of fatness. I weighed 19 stone before I discovered the right line of treatment for my own case. I cured myself while I was perfecting my discovery, and finding the exact line of treatment for *all* cases.

With what joy I noted my daily progress—weight falling, strength, energy, vital energy increasing. My friends remarked on the great improvement of my health and spirits. Some, suffering as I had myself suffered, placed themselves in my hands. It was by their advice that I devoted myself to the cure of obesity. During many years—free from all return of my former trouble—I perfected my experience. There is no man or woman now that I cannot cure, if the patient will give me a fair chance.

FACTS ABOUT FIGURES.

No one has had the same success as myself in improving the figure. Where obesity is only beginning to manifest itself, it is often more difficult to treat than when it is an advanced style. The rule-of-thumb treatments are the same for all cases. Mine is different for every case. I do not ask anyone to accept theories from me. I prove every statement of facts. For example, here are two photographs of the same gentleman, taken by the same photographer, in the same studio. The details of his case will be sent to all who apply. This is only one case out of thousands. To obtain a clear understanding of my method—which is my own and quite unlike any other method—it is necessary to read

MY BOOK ON OBESITY.

"The Scientific Treatment of Obesity," by J. Nelson Lloyd, which contains details, chapter and verse, weight, measurement, dates, *facts*. Some of the conditions which it describes, and which I have cured, are:—

Double chin and flabby cheeks.	Physical incapacity.
Aged appearance.	Lack of energy and strength.
Faults of figure.	Chronic lassitude.
Big waist.	Husky or weak voice.
Ungainly hips.	Shortness of breath.
Shapeless limbs.	Fatty heart.
Protruding abdomen.	Excessive weight.

THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF OBESITY.

There are different types of cases. The same treatment which cures one has no effect on others. This explains the frequent failure of cure-alls and nostrums.

I work differently. I attack the cause of the trouble. These causes differ in different cases. Questions, intelligently answered, furnish me with the clue to the cause in each case, and I prescribe for each case the treatment which my long experience has taught me *will cure that case.*

TWO WEEKS' TREATMENT FREE.

I know that my treatment cannot fail to cure, as I cured my own case after medical treatment and all advertised medicines had failed. Therefore, I offer treatment without one penny of payment until, or unless, the sufferer himself is as convinced as I am myself that my treatment does safely and unfailingly reduce weight, and desires to continue it.

Photographed before and after treatment. I reduced this gentleman's size and weight as shown here. Full particulars of this case will be sent to all who apply for free Trial Treatment as offered here.

This, then, is what I offer, free of all charge, except the cost of packing and postage of parcel (6d.):—

A first fortnight's complete treatment adapted to the case; a copy of my book, "The Treatment of Obesity" (published 6d.); photographic pictures of ladies and gentlemen who have been my patients—before and after my treatment; particulars of weight, girth, etc., before and after treatment in numerous other cases; a blank form, with questions for you to answer, which will enable me to judge what the continuation treatment should be in your case.

In sending for this free parcel tell me the following particulars:—Age? Sex? Weight and height? Married or single? Where is the superfluous fat—abdomen, limbs, or all over? *How much weight do you wish me to take off?*

J. NELSON LLOYD, 57, ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

G. A. C. (Wandsworth Road) sends us a circular of a new chain trickster, The Radio Manufacturing Co. (74, City Road, E.C.).

J. W. J. (Oswestry) sends us a prospectus of a Hamburg State lottery issued by Windus and Co. He wants to know whether they are identical with the football competition man. But his name was Windust.

F. S. (Ashton-on-Mersey) wants to purchase the first 100 or 120 numbers of JOHN BULL at a reasonable price. But who could be induced to part?

E. W. (Aldermanbury) says that, if we had Protection, foreigners would start their own factories over here, and bring their own workmen. That is now being done under the Patents Act.

H. C. DE B. (York) agrees with Tariff Reform, but "cannot see where it is a panecea for unemployment," and thinks that any Government which attempts to apply new tariffs will come to hopeless grief. Hear, hear!

R. D. (Limavady) writes: "What use is learning the Irish language to anyone? It's very silly, I think."

D. W. O. (Bethesda) wants to know of "any books that treat of the influence of environment on character." We can only suggest back numbers of JOHN BULL.

"UNWELL" (Stamford Hill) wants to know what he can do to get rid of indigestion resulting from constipation. He suggests football or gymnastics. We suggest walking exercise, Carlsbad water, and family prayers.

C. A. (King's Cross) thinks it is a pity the railway companies do not begin by cutting down the salaries of the overpaid officials.

ILLEGIBLE SIGNATURE (Ross).—Bless you, we do not take offence at the expression of your views, but the number of our correspondents makes it difficult for us to do justice to your elaborate plea for Protection. Besides, we should not convince you any more than you have convinced us.

"POT BANK" (Henley) wants to know whether he shall pay two guineas to be cured of an eye disease by W. Mellor (163, Oxford Road, Manchester). Better keep his weather-eye open.

"WILLIAM MUGGINS" (Dudley) has received a circular from Albert H. Postel, Chief Astrologer of the American Temple of Astrology (126, West 34th Street, New York, N.Y.). It begins: "Dear Friend,—By a certain happening I chanced to become aware of your birthdate." For the sum of "8 shillings, 2 pence," he offers to supply our correspondent with his "1909 Annual Horoscope, consisting of from 5 to 7 closely typewritten pages containing 2,500 words, together with his 1909 Moon Table and Daily Hour Guide." Our correspondent says: "Albert! I thank thee. I like thy face, I like thy letter, but I like my eight-and-twopence better. At present Old Moore supplies me with all the astrology I want at a penny a time." We pat our correspondent on the back of his hand.

W. H. G., JUN. (Eastbourne).—See answer to F. J. B. (Fulham).

T. T. (Bow).—It was just as well that you explained in your P.S. Unfortunately, we are a family paper.

C. D. (Wells Street).—We do not suppose there are many foreigners employed in the Post Office.

W. C. B. (Finsbury Park).—Thanks for postcards dealing with the Abode of Love. We had forgotten about the girl Alleluia. Give her our blessing.

F. L. S. (Acton) is puzzled by an advertisement for a "youth who has been clerk to composing-room manager in large firm." But young men do get on rather quickly sometimes.

F. G. B. (Penge).—Do read some elementary text-book.

J. K. P. (Cecil Chambers).—Rather too trivial to be gratified with a biscuit, isn't it?

J. E. C. (Birmingham) says he saw a piece of cloth ticketed "fancy vest to measure, buttons included." He says he never heard of a waistcoat without buttons, but perhaps these were fancy buttons.

B. H. (Acton).—We cannot solve your long-winded conundrum about your 'bus fare. Unless you can write briefly about trifles, you had better pay up and look pleasant.

X. Y. Z. (Clapton).—Are not you aware that all anonymous letters, even polite and well meaning ones like yours, go straight into our cesspool?

C. C. W. (Westminster) encloses a long, canting, begging letter from John Holroyd, Coldwells Hill, Staniland, Halifax, which was sent to his wife. It certainly does not sound convincing.

A. T. (Wood Green).—We have no idea of the value of "Spotswood Stiles," published in 1715.

"TRELAWNEY" (Bristol).—The "Bachelors" and "Suffragettes" are not contradictory toasts.

A. W. (Beaston) wants the Postmaster-General to give a preference to postmen who have nothing else to do. Why put a premium on idleness?

G. B. (Woodford).—Certainly the onus of proof of delivery lies with the firm which you patronised. If they took your money, and you received nothing, you would be a fool to be put off with prevarications.

J. E. A. (Birmingham).—It certainly seems to us very like a miscarriage of justice, but, as we were not in Court, we cannot override the decision of the Deputy Stipendiary. We should not, however, advise anyone to entrust money to the Record Photo. Printing Company.

S. T. R. (Derby).—We have read the report you send, but have not the faintest idea what you want us to say. It certainly reads all right.

A. W. (Barnes).—Idiot!

W. McK. (Brondesbury Park).—It is evidently very easy to take in papers by copying out clever stories from old newspapers, and palming them off as original. But, if this became a regular practice, the thieves would probably see the inside of a prison at last.

W. F. P. (Berlin) wants to know where he can get a copy of the Dental and Medical Company's Bill. If he will send a few stamps to Wyman and Sons, Fetter Lane, E.C., no doubt he will have his desire.

"WRASEL" (Brighton).—We have no idea whether "bream feed mostly on worms and stewed wheat." Who stews it for them?

G. C. (Birmingham).—Take care you do not cut yourself. Your letter is above our head altogether.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

YOU NEEDN'T PAY

cash down for Linola. Our excellent Credit System enables you to have your floors immediately covered with Linola, and you pay the bill by small weekly or monthly payments as arranged. Our purpose is to help every woman to a perfectly floor-covered home, and only by way of Linola can this floor perfection be achieved. Still, you are not always ready to expend your ready money even for Linola, but you would not object to having Linola on an absolutely fair and comfortable Easy Payment plan. Ours is exactly the Credit plan to please and help you.

Book of Designs Free.

Catesby & Sons, Desk 20, 54-57, Tottenham-Ct.-Rd., London, W.

JUST INVENTED!

A BRITISH SHAVING SOAP THAT BEATS THE FOREIGN.

YARDLEY'S SHAVING SOAP

10½d. of all Chemists

is better—smoother—and more soothing than any you have ever used.

YARDLEY & Co., Ltd., 51 HATTON RD. E. "The Stick in the Glass Case."

RUBBER HEELS

Counsel: If they are the PENNA they are the BEST!

FROM ALL SHOEMAKERS.

WRITE FOR FREE PAMPHLET TO

HOWISON & Co. Ltd., 26, CITY RD. LONDON, E.C.

When you require the finest Blue-Black fluid for office use Ask for AZURYTE.

F. MORDAN and CO., 32c, City Road, London.

£169350 PAID TO CLIENTS

The National Share Exchange have already published Twenty-six different Lists of Cheques paid to Clients, and now print their

27th LIST (ABRIDGED).

GFP	£104	14	0	WJG	£242	10	0
GHH	£245	0	0	CGB	£119	0	0
GNG	£131	0	0	WO	£124	10	0
RDH	£330	0	0	WC	£106	0	0
FJB	£216	0	0	WC	£277	10	0
EWC	£291	15	0	WC	£187	0	0
JJW	£136	5	0	SMJ	£140	0	0
HOR	£145	0	0	HS	£114	10	0
GRR	£125	0	0	WC	£141	0	0
JJC	£160	0	0	Miss DV	£127	10	0
Mrs EL	£131	2	4	FS	£117	6	6
JWG	£256	7	0	HH	£125	0	0
HR	£280	0	0	WO	£500	0	0
HHR	£175	10	0	HDV	£106	5	0
JD	£165	0	0	WC	£250	0	0
AHG	£130	0	0	JHC	£315	0	0
GRP	£120	0	0	RD	£310	0	0
ERP	£112	0	0	WAH	£150	0	0
JHK	£106	10	0	WC	£250	0	0
CJW	£145	0	0	WC	£192	0	0
WFW	£116	10	0	GEA	£106	7	9
ERP	£132	0	0	CGB	£135	1	0
WJG	£158	15	0	PEG	£145	0	0
WJG	£107	10	1	AU	£119	0	0
HSR	£200	0	0	RJC	£118	15	0

BEAR THIS IN MIND!

WE GUARANTEE to produce the Original of every Cheque paid to Clients whose Initials are recorded above, as well as upwards of 7,000 others.

WRITE OFF TO-DAY.

Phone 712 London Wall. Telegrams "Natsharex, London."

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON.

The National Share Exchange STOCK AND SHARE DEALERS.

22, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

J.B. 524.

Please forward me full particulars which you state in the announcement from which this Coupon is taken. Also full list of cheques, amounts, to whom paid, etc., etc., amounting to £169,350.

NAME .....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

.....

ANDERSON'S

THREE STAR

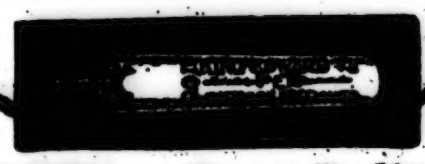
THE SCOTCH WHISKY

FOR

REFINED PALATES

Write for Booklet containing Special Offer.

36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S "KING EDWARD VII." PEN.

The new "King Edward VII." Pen is a specially fast writer, its oblique point travelling over the paper with a speed which will satisfy even the busiest correspondent. It is one of the best pens made, and is manufactured by the best penmakers in the world—JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

PRICE 2/6 per Gross (3/6 gilt). Of Stationers, etc.

SAMPLE BOX containing 12 gilt "King Edward VII." Pens, Post Free, on forwarding 6 Penny Stamps to JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS (Dept. 1D), 37, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

THE RELIANCE

Fire & Accident Insurance

CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Capital £50,000. Premium Income over £20,000

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH — ORDINARY BRANCH

NOT A SLATE CLUB. NO LEVIES.

No liabilities at all beyond paying fixed PREMIUMS.

Protection against Loss through

FIRE, ACCIDENT, or SICKNESS.

PREMIUMS COLLECTED WEEKLY.

COMPENSATION PAID WEEKLY IN CASES OF ACCIDENT OR SICKNESS.

Other Departments:

BURGLARY. PLATE GLASS.

DRIVERS' ACCIDENTS.

Weekly or Annual Premiums.

AGENTS WANTED.

Write for Prospectus:—

9, 20 & 21, FARRINGDON ST., (Ludgate Circus) **LONDON, E.C.**

WILLIAM E. RICHARDS, Managing Director.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

After Hurst and Tinkabelle, Too!

Bookmakers complain of a bad time recently, although the majority admit that they are not losing, but not "getting anything." It doesn't seem right to them unless they are always winning.

A Tribute.

Many sportsmen will learn with regret of the death of Alderman Hawkes, J.P., of Brighton, an ex-Mayor of the town, and who was for many years a trustee of the race-course. The deceased sportsman was a staunch opponent to the goody-goody sect who would abolish the races which yield such huge profits to lighten the municipal rates.

Melane Sold.

The little hurdle racer Melane, who could also sprint a little on the flat, was recently sold by Mr. A. Stedall, for whom he has done good service, to go to Belgium. Those for whom he will do well in that country narrowly missed buying Simonson for the same purpose, in fact only missed him by some 24 hours, Mr. Stedall having in the interim clinched the bargain.

A Superstitious Set.

Unquestionably, many an owner or trainer has found that he has "left his luck behind him" when changing training centres, and there was never a more emphatic case than that of E. Martin, who, during the two years he was at Royston, won over 100 races. Since his migration, however, to even more sumptuous premises at Lambourn the stable has been extraordinarily unfortunate, and this Martin entirely attributes to the superstitious fact that he has never been able to do right since his own old horse, Lawrence, had won his thirteenth race.

Prophetic.

As Bruges runs, he will, of course, practically "walk over" for the Wellesbourne Plate, when Warwick concludes this (Thursday) afternoon, while Denmark would take the Barford Steeplechase if saddled. The sport of the week, of course, is that at Newbury, where the valuable hurdle race and steeplechase seem almost at the mercy of Hartigan's horses, Redmond and Round Dance respectively. Bruges is *not* to attempt to give 21lbs. to his Leicester opponent, while his stable companion, The Loaf, runs in the steeple-chase.

On the Windsor form the 5lbs. penalty among the selling platers will not—given good going—get Custom House beaten in the Everleigh Handicap, while assuming that he has not competed at Doncaster while these notes are in the press, I must again give an emphatic plump to

The Drudge

for the Whatcombe Handicap. It would be strange, indeed, if The Drone *also* won the same day—and in the preceding event—but this is very likely indeed, for Mr. N. Jeffreys' horse, but for horribly bad jumping, *must* have scored in a canter at Windsor. On the same day,

Lucky Jap,

saved from Lingfield, runs in the Theale Plate, and *will* win it, for the greatest danger is Raytoi, who may go in the Handicap, as Zancig—not so good as was thought—can make sure of picking up Saturday's selling plate.

On the concluding afternoon also, the Andover Steeple-chase will be "the" betting race, and for this

Carsey,

who likes the course, has very sensibly been saved. The danger is Razorbill, but I shall hope to see Mr. J. M. Kerne win on his favourite, especially as he has been wasting very hard for some time to do this weight, and also be able to ride Carsey in the National. The horse will not run again after this, prior to Liverpool.

TRADE NOTES.

We have received from Mr. Douglas Stuart, 102-104, Oxford Street, his Pocket Book and Diary for 1909. This little book, which contains, beside his rules, useful Turf statistics and telephone index, will be sent free on application. Mr. Stuart conducts his business on the no limit principle.

MEN OF SPECIAL ABILITY

are the kind of men we want—men whose Special Knowledge or Special Aptitude fits them to occupy Responsible Positions in Technical, Clerical, Organising, or Travelling capacities. We have upon our lists hundreds of positions carrying salaries of from £150 to £1,000 a year—but positions which can only be filled by really High-Grade Men. If you are such a man—write us to-day.

HAPGOODS, Ltd., 167a, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Burlen Arcade, 52, Deansgate, Manchester. (Registered in Guernsey.)

When the brain is lax and ceases to have absolute control of the nervous system, we immediately rush to the medical man, who sagely shakes his head and mutters "Nerves," yet no medical man can prescribe anything more than temporary relief. True he will no doubt administer a soothing draught which for a brief spell will soothe the shattered nerves.

As soon, however, as the influence of the drug has passed off, the reaction sets in and the sufferer is much worse than before.

Dr. Hartmann, an eminent brain specialist, has discovered a remedy which he styles "Antineurasthin"—a method of brain feeding, which not only arrests the progress of this dire disease, but actually rebuilds the brain and nervous system to their former stability and vitality.

We have seen the originals of many letters received daily by the Antineurasthin Company from people who have been successfully treated, and there is little doubt of the efficacy of "Antineurasthin." Readers, however, can satisfy themselves by simply writing for a trial supply, which the Company are willing to send free upon receipt of two stamps to cover postage. All applications should be addressed to The Antineurasthin Company, 41, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

"TADDY'S" **GRAPNEL MIXTURE**

A BLEND OF CHOICE TOBACCOS.

Price 6d. per 1 oz. packet.

1/- per 2 oz. tin. 2/- per 4 oz. tin.

After Shaving.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the only rational cream to use after shaving, because it is so soothing and comforting that it immediately removes any soreness and irritation which shaving is apt to cause. Used overnight, it makes the morning shave surprisingly easy.

Of all Chemists, 1/-. Send 2d. for sample to (Dept. 5) 14a Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

Icilma Fluor Cream.

SHORTHAND

The Sloan-Duployan system saves a year's study and produces the highest speed. Awarded 12 Gold Medals. Illustrated Handbook with specimen lesson free.

Handbook Dept., Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate

BIRKBECK BANK

Established 1851.

SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.

2 PER CENT. INTEREST

on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All general Banking Business transacted.

ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.

C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

You are adding considerably to the value of your tooth-cleaning by first dipping the brush into a tin of

Calvert's Tooth Powder

Price 6d., 1/-, 1/6 & 2/-. If you prefer to sprinkle the Powder on to the tooth-brush, ask for our new package—a glass jar with sprinkler top, 1/- nett. For trial sample send a penny stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co. (JB Dept.), Manchester

FREE. 30 ASSORTED 2D SAMPLES

THE NEWEST IDEAS

in LIFE ASSURANCE are embodied in the plans of the
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.,
6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.
5% Debenture Instalment, Whole-Life and Endowment Policies issued.
SPECIAL FEATURE—Guaranteed Bonus Tables. Particulars Post Free
GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.
M. GARSONY, Managing Director.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. (Mention this Magazine.

Instant Relief.

PROMPT PRIVATE ADVANCES.

£100 and upwards to £10,000

ON NOTE OF HAND.

The Nobility, Gentry, Professional Men, and Tradesmen requiring an advance should apply personally or by letter to

FIELDINGS,

1a. Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

TRADE BILLS DISCOUNTED. NO FEES

A. B. C. Guide to Stock Exchange

(26th EDITION).

Call Options thoroughly explained, also all Stock Exchange operations; how to open account with limited risk; dealings at closer than tape quotations; how to avoid brokers' commissions. Contains highest and lowest sales for last 15 years.

Gratis and Post Free from
PUBLISHERS, 12, BANK STREET, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

CHARING CROSS BANK

(Established 1870.)

22, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and 39, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.
Assets, £1,627,669. Liabilities, £1,229,571. Surplus, £371,078.
LOANS of £20 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.
Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
Owing to the nature of our Investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 39 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

CHARLES STEVENS & CO.,

12, DEVONSHIRE CHAMBERS, BISHOPSGATE ST., E.C.

£20 to £5,000

PRIVATE LOANS PROMPTLY GRANTED TERMS REASONABLE REPAYMENTS EASY.

£20 to £5,000

Write or Call.

ACTUAL LENDERS

Telephone: Central 9712. AS ABOVE.

IMMEDIATE ANNUITIES

with Return of Purchase Money.

For Particulars write

Gresham Life Assurance Society, Ltd.,

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

Assets Exceed £9,800,000. JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager and Secretary.

HARDY'S
BROMPTON CONSUMPTION AND COUGH SPECIFIC & LUNG SAVER
Price 1/1 & 2/9 of all Chemists, or post free.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Supplied to the Aristocracy. 30 Years' Reputation.
Depot J.B. 42, Waterloo Rd S.E.,
LATE OF BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

Small and Safe Investments in Continental Securities.

Estd. 1868. SEND FOR PARTICULARS (1d. POSTCARD)

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL & Co., 10 and 12, Place de la Bourse, Paris.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 50 HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of December 26th and January 16th:—

CHAS. R. ANDREWS, 1, Elmhurst, The Esplanade, Sterte, Poole, Dorset. (No. 19746—January 16th, 1909.)

GEO. TAILLY, 40, Rossington Road, Sheffield. (No. 107631—December 26th, 1908.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 23:—

11047; 11092; 29487; 34647; 36986; 42104; 43000; 45125; 47664; 53135; 57894; 60080; 66811; 72405; 81113; 83047; 94658; 95860; 99902; 104631; 109863; 116249; 120047; 122289; 130014; 151342; 151469; 151991; 159892; 165789; 170842; 170864; 174679; 178010; 179643; 190144; 197646; 206458; 220111; 224038; 234673; 245476; 250147; 251263; 269661; 274040; 279437; 286452; 286580; 293647.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 3RD (PUBLISHED APRIL 1ST).

Special Notice.

We find that the arrangements in connection with our New Ballot Scheme will take somewhat longer to complete than we anticipated, and, therefore, until further notice, the scheme will continue on the old lines, as explained above.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

"A GENUINE 'NO LIMIT' TURF ACCOUNTANT.'

THE SPORTSMAN, 5/2/09:—

"Mr. Douglas Stuart has 'NO LIMIT,' and, moreover, allows 'PLACE BETTING,' even when the Favourite starts 'ODDS ON,' which is a point distinctly in favour of the backer. Mr. Douglas Stuart has found from experience that settling by the *Sportsman's* prices is fair to both sides, and he will abide by them. He will forward one of his neat little pocket diaries, free of charge, to 'Clients.'"

From *Sportsman*, 1 ch. 5. 1909.

THIS DIARY IS

SENT FREE OF COST BY POST TO ALL MY CLIENTS

DOUGLAS STUART,

102 and 104, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

MY THREE STARS.

✚ NO LIMIT (100 to 1 Signorinetta).

✚ PLACE BETTING ALLOWED, EVEN

NO LIMIT

When Favourite starts "Odds On."

✚ PROMPT MONDAY SETTLEMENTS.

Credit Accounts Opened.

Non-Clients, Please send me your Requirements.

ABSOLUTE RELIABILITY.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

There is no more agreeable experience than to come upon an old friend who has somehow left his ailments behind him, and now looks the picture of restored manhood. The old haggard expression, the suggestion of premature old age, the appearance of weakness and lassitude, the irritability and tendency to melancholy views have vanished. He now, indeed, seems a new man with pure healthy blood flowing in his veins, and contentment written on his face. He is again fully alive and enjoys life instead of simply enduring it. If you enquire what it is that has wrought such a striking change for the better, to what medicine or system your friend attributes his return to health and vigour, it is more than probable that he will answer in two words—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St Helens, Lancs. Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).

THE OLD ORIGINAL and WORLD-FAMOUS LUNG TONIC is OWBRIDGE'S, FOR

COUGHS & COLDS.

The most up-to-date, best known and most successful Remedy in the World for THROAT and CHEST TROUBLES arising from Damp or Chill.

Owbridge's

Lung Tonic.

Ask for "OWBRIDGE," and take no substitute.

This is the Best, Cheapest, and Safest way to recovery.

Invaluable to Speakers, Singers, and all who suffer from Throat Weakness.

Established 1874.

CAUTION.—Do not waste money on so-called lung tonics, which appear to be cheap, but of which you have to take double doses, with disappointing results.

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd., Hull.

Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

"WINCARNIS"

The Real Invigorator.

Gold Medal awarded Franco-British Exhibition, Contractors to His Majesty's Forces, the Royal Army Medical Corps, and by Royal Appointment to their Majesties The King and Queen of Spain.

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING & QUEEN OF SPAIN.

YOU NEED IT. Life to-day is such a rush, so many interests absorb our attention, that it is well, now and again, to pause and consider calmly the effect on the nerves. The moment the nerves get overstrained and worn by worry, excitement or crushing disappointments, 'tis time for you to look out and guard against a possible "nervous breakdown." You need a powerful tonic to brace up the nervous system. You need "Wincarnis" to put new life and new blood in you. You need this delicious restorative to accelerate the circulation, to strengthen the heart, and to fortify the constitution against the contraction of colds, chills, influenza, bronchitis, or pneumonia.

FREE TRIAL. Send your name and address and mention this paper "John Bull," to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and you'll receive a free sample bottle of "Wincarnis" providing you enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage and packing.

AFTER FREE TRIAL you can buy "Wincarnis" at any Wine Merchants or Licensed Chemists or Grocers.

COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.

For Contents of this number see page iii. of Cover.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors (John Bull, Ltd) by Odhams Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Publishing Offices, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Applications for Advertisement Space in "JOHN BULL" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 67, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 7217.